# The Quest of Truth

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S. ARTHUR COOK, LITT. D., D. D.

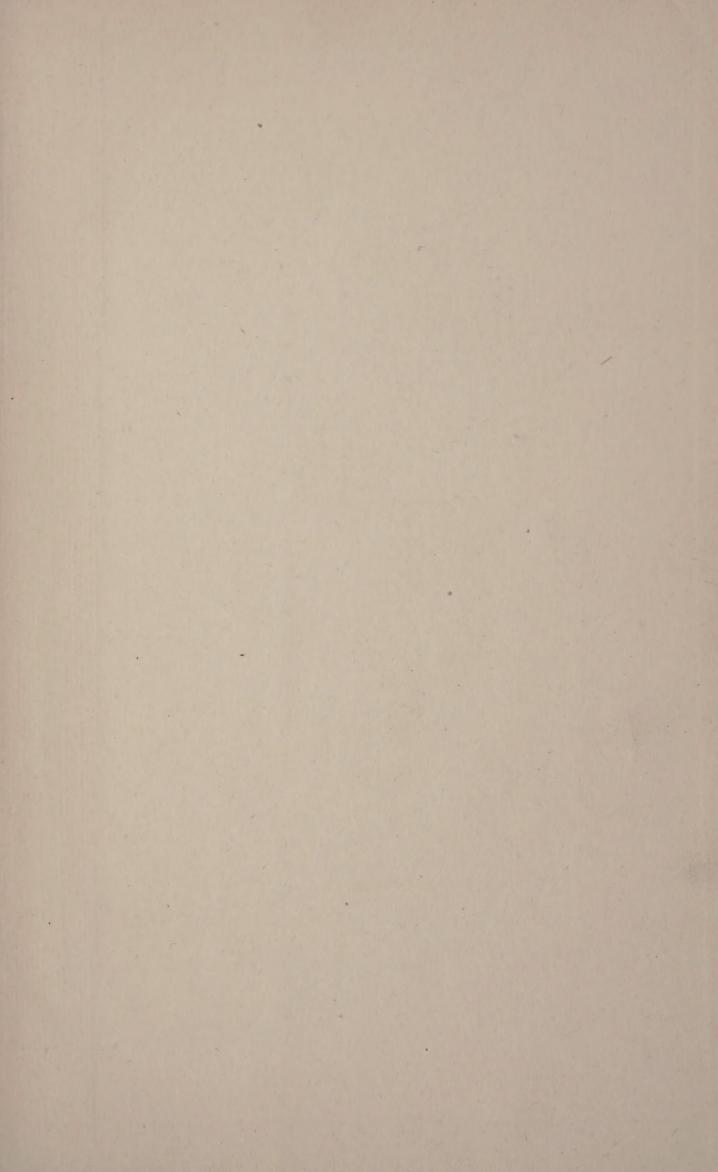


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# The Quest of Truth

### Lecture-Sermons

BEING A STUDY OF VARIOUS FIELDS OF CHRISTIAN TRUTH

SPARTHUR COOK, Litt. D., D. D.



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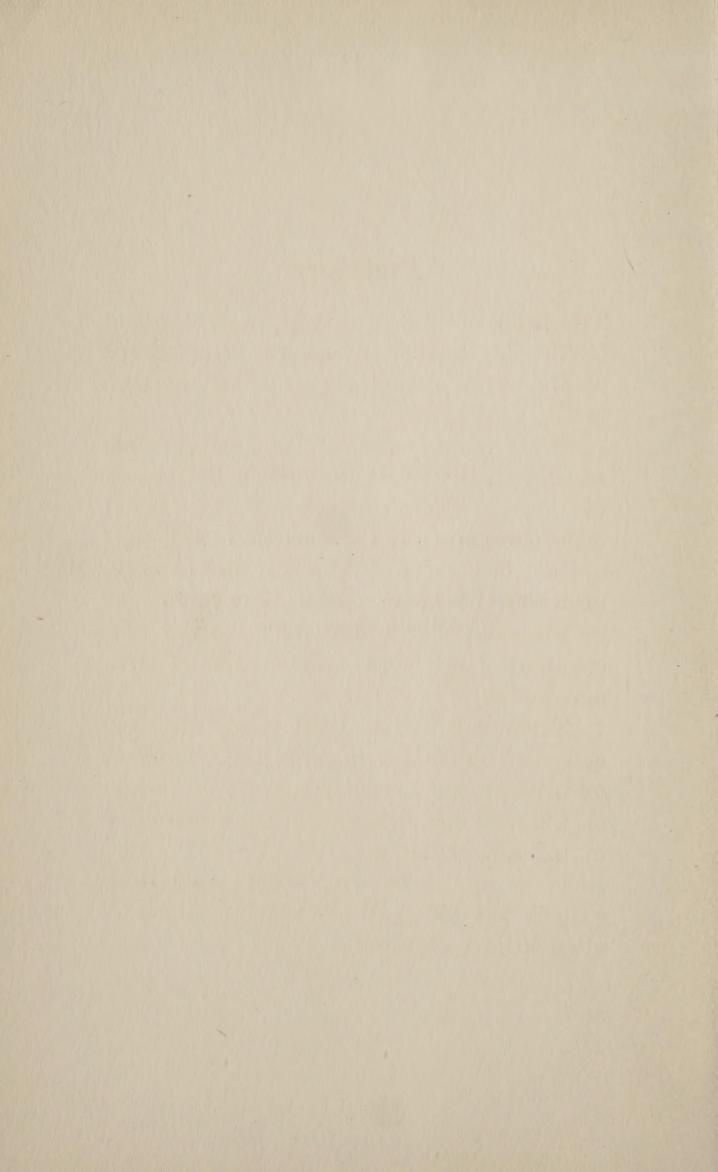
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# GRATEFULLY DEDICATED TO Three Teachers

WHO HAVE BEEN THE INSPIRATION OF MY LIFE AND THINKING.

George Swan Innis, Borden Parker Bowne, Ebenezer Charlton Black.



# **Prefatory**

THE fields of Christian truth are broad and fertile. Myriad voices teach the great lessons of life, speak of God, and pay their homage to His Christ.

Truth is everywhere. The fundamentals of Christianity are imbedded in the nature of things. They have of necessity found manifold expression. Christian essentials are not to be regarded as resting upon any arbitrary dictum or claim. Revelation has its roots in the nature of God, and is a concomitant of the moral order in the universe and in life.

Truth is a unity. Its content, wherever embodied or however expressed, helps to make clear the essential scheme of things.

Christ is the Truth. All truth is unified in and illuminated by Him. He is the keystone of the arch, but every supporting column has value, the worth of which is often little recognized.

#### PREFATORY

It is the purpose of these chapters to suggest something of the richness, from the religious standpoint, of several important fields of truth, and to utilize these treasures of truth in making broad and secure the foundations for a rational basis of faith.

The themes treated have been given both as sermons and as lectures. The enthusiasm and appreciation with which they have been received prompts the hope that the printed volume may be of unusual interest and profit.

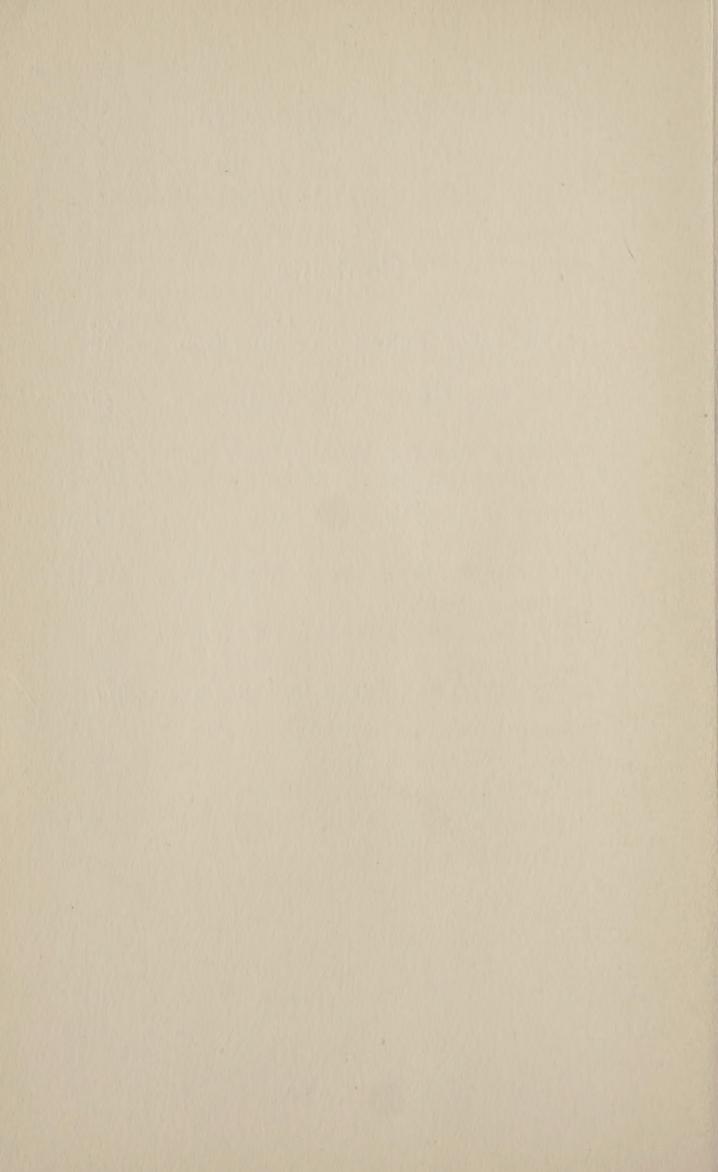
The "Acknowledgment and Bibliography" at the close of each chapter will be found of service in the further pursuit of these subjects, while at the same time recognizing various sources of indebtedness. Many of the books were read several years ago, so that more specific acknowledgment could not well be made. While the method employed is general, it is intended to be inclusive and to make full acknowledgment.

S. ARTHUR COOK.

Red Wing, Minn.

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# Nature's Testimony Concerning God

"Canst thou by searching find out God? canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection?

It is as high as heaven; what canst thou do? deeper than hell; what canst thou know?

The measure thereof is longer than the earth, and broader than the sea."

-Job 11:7-9.

# NATURE'S TESTIMONY CONCERNING GOD

The fool says in his heart, "There is no God." To him Nature is silent. Perchance his difficulty is like that of the politician, of whom Emerson tells, who had been raving at an abolition meeting in Boston. An old lady said to him, "Honey, I would tell you something, but I see you ain't got nothin' to carry it home in."

Nevertheless, throughout all the ages, the diligent inquiry of the earnest soul has been, "Canst thou by searching find out God? canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection?" Whittier's hymn reveals the heart's serious questioning:

"O, watchers of the stars of night
Who breathe their fire, as we the air—
Suns, thunders, stars, and rays of light,
O! say, is He—the Eternal there?
Bend there around His awful throne
The seraph's glance, the angel's knee?
Or are thy inmost depths His own,
O wild and mighty sea?

"O Thou who bid'st the torrent flow,
Who lendest wings unto the wind—
Mover of all things; where art Thou?
O, whither shall I go to find
The secret of Thy resting-place?
Is there no holy wing for me,
That, soaring, I may search the space
Of highest heaven for Thee?

"O, would I were as free to rise
As leaves of Autumn's whirlwind borne—
The arrowy light of sunset skies,
Or sound, or ray, or star of morn
Which melts in heaven at twilight's close,
Or ought which soars unchecked and free
Through earth and heaven; that I might lose
Myself in finding Thee!"

Has Nature a testimony concerning God? If so, what is her message, and what are the facts regarding it, that determine its place and value?

To the first question the poet Keble answers:

"He opens Nature's Book,
And on His glorious Gospel bids them look."

But, alas! many look in vain. Having eyes, they see not. This is partly because

of Nature's concealments, which often are full as much in evidence as her revelations. Nature never "wears her heart upon her sleeve." Her treasures of wealth and truth are only found by diligent seekers. For ages man is cold, yet Nature quietly holds fast the secret of her rich coal beds hidden snugly away in her bosom beneath the soil. Nature has power in wind and water, but waits for man to discover their use. It has been suggested that we are still uncertain whether a vegetable or a meat diet makes the ruddier countenance; and whether a log cabin and an ox or a college and a gymnasium can do more for each young Lincoln.

So also Nature's testimony concerning God lies half hidden, at times seems a bit obscure, and may even admit of some diversity in interpretation. Huxley, though an earnest student of nature, once said that but for that unknown Athenian who had anticipated his thought, he should have erected somewhere in London an altar with this inscription, "To the unknown God."

That Nature's testimony is in part concealed, or even that it is inadequate, argues

neither its non-existence nor its lack of value. If these are facts, they simply indicate the limitations of our field and the manner and difficulties of our study. John Burroughs, who has been called "a high priest in the temple of the cosmos," says that one secret of success in observing nature is the capacity to take a hint. A hair may show where a lion is hid. We must value bits and shreds, and put this and that together.

Another reason why nature is a closed book to many is to be found in themselves. A man, seeing the flood of light bursting from the moon rising behind the clouds, exclaimed, "Ah, man, is n't it like the footlights!" In all the splendor of the starry sky he only saw a cheap resemblance to some theater. A tailor, in the presence of the majesty of Niagara, said, with indifference, "Good place to sponge a coat!" So we stain creation with our stinginess and our moods until the whole vastness and glory of it becomes a mere echo of our pettiness and folly. How different such a man as Dr. Little! Standing admiringly before a picture of

storm and rain, it seemed so real to him that he said aloud to himself, "But if you had seen that in nature, more beautiful, you would have dragged your petty self across the landscape and dreaded catching cold." Carlyle, visiting the home of the artist Millias, asked, "Has paint done all this?" The artist smiled and answered, "It has, Mr. Carlyle." Carlyle replied, "All I have to say is, there are more fools in the world than I thought there were." Not to the Carlyles of the world, but to the delicate souls having the eye of the artist, the constructive faculty of the poet, and the vision of the prophetic seer, does Nature tell her story. These are the folk who can climb upon some mountain slope, projecting over the water's edge and covered with flowers, and hear God speak. Burns burst into wondrous song at the sight of a simple daisy, and Linnæus wept over the crude, common flower of the field. Luther at Wartburg looks out in the middle of the night and sees "the great vault of immensity, long flights of clouds sailing through it—dumb, gaunt, huge." "Who sup-

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ports all that?" he asks. None ever saw the pillars of it, yet it is supported. In answer to his own question he exclaims, "God supports it!" One evening at sunset he is in the garden at Wittenberg and sees a little bird perched for the night upon a leafy bough. Above that little bird, says Luther, are the stars and deep heaven of worlds; yet it has folded its little wings and gone trustfully to rest as if in its own home. In the home and the birdie's sleep he sees the provision of the Maker, and cries aloud, "Will He not care for you, O ye of little faith!" Consider the lilies, and the birds of the air-observe nature, and learn the lesson of trust. Even the worm so awakened the interest of Darwin that he wrote a volume about it, and has been styled "the poet laureate of the worm."

Does nature bear witness unto God? It is largely a question of the personal factor. The higher and more fully rounded our development, the greater teacher nature becomes to us. She speaks, but only nature's lover hears.

"To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware."—BRYANT.

Fortunate and happy are they whose vision leads them to say with Mrs. Browning,

"Earth's crowned with heaven
And every common bush afire with God."

For it is

"Only he who sees takes off his shoes; The rest sit round and pluck blackberries."

Nature is a revelation of God. There is an argument in the majestic sweep of the planets, in the refreshing breath of the wind, and in the sweet whisper of the flowers. Out of a consciousness of this fact came Tennyson's charming line:

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;—
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,

Little flower—but if I could understand What you are, root and all, and all in all, I should know what God and man is."

The tool explains the workman, the institution the statesman, the home the people that made it; the universe explains God. All the objects in nature are the letters in the Infinite alphabet that spell out the riches of the character and deeds of God. The physicist, the biologist, the astronomer, and the poet in reverent tones have spoken unto God and said, "O, Father, where art Thou?" And out of rock and wave, out of herb and flower, has come a voice answering, "God is here!" The earth cries unto the heaven, God is here! while the heaven reverberates with the sound and echoes back the refrain, God is here! About us on every hand we find Him, who

"Lives through all life, extends through all extent, Spreads undivided, operates unspent."

Divine action in nature is the ever-present and unchanging fact. The changing factor is our knowledge of the manner of this action. John Fiske has aptly said: "In no case

whatever can science use the words force or cause except as metaphorically descriptive of some observed or observable sequence of phenomena. The business of science is simply to ascertain in what manner phenomena co-exist with each other or follow each other, and the only kind of explanation with which it can properly deal is that which refers one set of phenomena to another set. And consequently at no imaginable future time, so long as the essential conditions of human thinking are maintained, can science even attempt to substitute the action of any other power for the direct action of Deity."

Note how perfectly this verdict of the great scholar and author coincides with the rhapsody of the psalmist:

"Bless the Lord, O my soul.
O Lord, my God, Thou art very great;
Thou art clothed with honor and majesty;

Who coverest Thyself with light as with a garment;

Who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain; Who layeth the beams of His chambers in the waters;

Who maketh the clouds His chariot;

Who walketh upon the wings of the wind;
Who maketh winds His messengers;
Flames of fire His ministers;
Who laid the foundations of the earth,
That it should not be moved forever.
Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a garment;

The waters stood above the mountains.

At Thy rebuke they fled;

At the voice of Thy thunder they hasted away, (The mountains rose, the valleys sank down)

Unto the place which Thou hadst founded for them.

Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over;

That they turn not again to cover the earth.

He sendeth forth springs into the valleys;
They run among the hills;
They give drink to every beast of the field;
The wild asses quench their thirst.

By them the fowls of the heaven have their habitation;

They sing among the branches.

He watereth the mountains from His chambers; The earth is filled with the fruit of His works."

God is to nature the constitutive condition of a rational system. A study of nature unfolds the contents of the idea and thought of God. Nature is symbolic; it is

a system which expresses thought. The thought and energy that it expresses is evidently divine, while at the same time it manifests principles which are akin to the laws of the soul. The significance of objects must be apprehended by thought, and for this to be possible they must be inherently intelligible. If nature is susceptible of being known, then the laws of things must be identical with the laws of thought. This essential intelligibility of nature and identity with the principles of the mind argues not only a common Cause or Source, but a rational Being. Nature as the expression of God's thought can be rethought by man.

Wordsworth has the idea in his immortal ode, sees the eye of God in the sunset cloud, and finds great thoughts in the least of the flowers:

<sup>&</sup>quot;And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Forbode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;

The innocent brightness of a new-born day Is lovely yet;

The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

If nature is the embodiment of God's thought, and if God is present as the abiding Source of the world and the ground of all its movements, then we would expect to find law, order, symmetry, design, and adaptation; and all of these promotive of the interests of life. Or, to reverse our thought, if these latter facts and conditions are found to prevail, they are God-compelling considerations; signs of God in the universe, suggesting a Superhuman Thinker.

Can we look upon the world and upon life and still feel that things are as they are merely by accident? The Scottish philosopher Beattie had his little child sow flowerseeds in such manner that when they grew

they spelled out the boy's name. Try as best he might, he could not persuade the child that this particular arrangement, plan, and adaptation merely happened. From the evident intention and thought back of this coincident the father led the child to the larger Christian conception of the universe.

If we seek the aid of the microscope, it reveals to us tiny cells of nutrient matter shaped into various tissues and possessed of life. Science declares that there is no cell except from a cell, no life except from life. Matter and its laws do not give us life without God. But let its origin be what it may, it behaves according to law in the building of tissues, in the evident fulfillment of specific design. Structureless living matter and physical law can not build any sort of tissues without God, much less the intricate and delicately designed structures of the human body.

A noted scientist passes from agnosticism to faith through the performing of some simple experiments with amœba, and with tuning forks that had electrical tests for the

measuring of musical notes. From the former he draws the conclusion that behind and in the physical body there is a spiritual body or power that builds it; from the latter he concludes that all the planets and suns are vibrating the thought of a World Mind, who is the Author of a world beauty, a world music, and a world truth.

The matter of instinct also is decidedly suggestive of God. Numerous experiments have proven beyond question that instinct is not the intelligence of the animal itself, developed by its own experience. For example, a chicken blindfolded from the moment it comes out of the egg, kept entirely away from the sound of the mother, and fed without the use of its sight, will immediately upon its release go in almost a straight line to the mother hen in answer to her call, a sound never heard before, and will pick up the tiny insects with unerring certainty in the very first effort. Whence the intelligence in the instinctive act? The spider, unable to lift a heavy object from the floor to the ceiling by direct pull upon the web it has let down, drops a second web, comes

down and fastens it to the first a little above the object, returns to its ceiling and pulls successfully, having established the indirect or pendulum movement. Who taught the spider to use as accurately as a trained mathematician a fundamental law of mechanics? Farther back than instinct is law, and still farther back is the Law-Giver.

Even more suggestive of God than instinct is the human mind itself. The mind, not as the result of reasoning, but as the expression of its own needs and nature, forms the conception of the supernatural. "As a result of some sensations we posit a world of things; as the result of others we posit a world of persons; as a result of our total experience we posit God." There is a certain psychological necessity, inherent in the nature of human intelligence, that manifests itself in a universal and persistent sense and idea of the Divine. We do not make it, nor deduce it through the logical faculty, but it grows out of life itself, and as the totality of experience it is more compelling than logic. The crowning masterpiece of nature, the human being, demands

God, can not escape Him, and refuses to get on without Him.

Upon every hand we see an evident fitness in things, serving admirably the purposes of life. Certain articles are good for food, the eye seems adapted for seeing, the brain can be used in connection with the process of thinking, the mind itself provides for and demands God. Are we to conclude that all this is a happy chance, of which we may as well take advantage? Is the manifest fitness we observe the embodiment and expression of a divine plan, existing for a purpose, or is it a mere coincidence to be utilized if we wish?

Dr. John, who has made valuable contribution to this line of argument, eloquently sums up his findings in these words: "We find God everywhere; in the rainbow's arch and the cataract's roar; in the snowflake's crystal and the dewdrop's sheen; in the restless sea and the azure sky; in the rose's blush and the lily's fragrance; in the butterfly's wing and the fish's fin; in the nightingale's throat and the eagle's eye; in the spider's web and the honeybee's cell; in the lion's

courage and the turtledove's peace; in childhood's faith and motherhood's love; and —O vision of visions!—we shall see Him in the unspeakable glory of the human soul, which alone is akin to the Infinite Planner, and which is itself, so far as we can see in nature, the greatest thought of the Infinite Thinker."

The ultimate view of the universe is the religious view. "Nature is for industry, art, science, and for something more. She is the condition of physical life and one of the conditions of the highest life, and she may be something for herself. But these are stages in the journey toward her ultimate meaning; they do not constitute the journey's end. Nature has something to say for God—not a great deal, to be sure—but, nevertheless, an authentic and significant utterance. She is not her own; she belongs to another; of her Owner she is a manifestation, and her final meaning is found in the terms of His life. The universe has its primary meaning as a value for God. In the fact that it is for Him lies its distinction, its permanence, its hope. All phenomenal

existence is filled and fixed with the Eternal Presence; and its original meaning is its worth for His infinite wisdom and love." "For of Him and through Him and unto Him are all things."

In keeping with the religious view of nature, nature herself is ofttimes in reverent mood. She speaks a various language, and in her own way seeks to worship the King all-glorious above.

"The Ocean looketh up to Heaven,
As 't were a living thing,
The homage of its waves is given
In ceaseless worshiping.

"They kneel upon the sloping sand,
As bends the human knee,
A beautiful and tireless band,
The Priesthood of the sea!

"They pour the glittering treasures out,
Which in the deep have birth,
And chant their awful hymns about
The advancing hills of earth.

"The green earth sends its incense up
From every mountain shrine,
From every flower and dewy cup
That greeteth the sunshine.

"The mists are lifted from the rills
Like the white wings of prayer.
They lean above the ancient hills
As doing homage there.

"The forest tops are lowly cast
O'er breezy hill and glen,
As if a prayerful spirit passed
On nature as on men.

"The clouds weep o'er the fallen world E'en as repentant love; Ere to the blessed breeze unfurl'd, They fade in light above.

"The sky is as a temple's arch,
The blue and wavy air
Is glorious with the spirit-march
Of messengers of prayer.

"The gentle moon—the kindling sun—
The many stars are given,
As shrines to burn earth's incense on—
The altar-fires of Heaven!

-WHITTIER.

It is quite natural that man in his moments of anxiety and depression should turn to nature as to the temple of the Lord. Nature grants an uplift of solace to man in his cosmic moods and needs. When exhausted

with work, overwhelmed with sorrow, or baffled with temptation, men turn with eagerness to nature, and a mountain becomes a friend scarcely less real than a person. And if such an one is in as worshipful a temper and attitude as nature herself, he will find God there.

# "God's in His Heaven" true! But God's in His Earth too!

The facts and friendship of nature, though inconclusive as proof and inadequate as a revelation, are a valuable witness, and in their testimony suggest many things. Basic to all the rest is abundant theistic indication. Nature, especially through science, has been helpful in many ways, particularly in our conception of God. We are told that a certain musician of the prince's court played long, unnoticed, before the castle prison, until at last he poured forth a strain loved in youth by the prince. Then a token was dropped. So we have looked askance at science, unwilling to make our gift of recognition, until at last we became quite sure that she is the handmaid of religion, deter-

mined to play the note of reverent faith we loved in youth. Now we welcome science for the way in which she is making nature to proclaim God and His truth. The late unpleasantness between science and religion was largely due to failure to keep two questions distinct. The first question has to do with the way in which things come together, and the order in which events occur. This is the field of science. The second is causal, and is the province of revelation and religion. While here we have two fields, separate and distinct, it is still true that each must supplement the other. The conscious need of the other, on the part of each, is cementing a lasting friendship between these erstwhile foes. We are told that the Doges of Venice at certain seasons would symbolize the marriage of their city to the sea by dropping a ring into the waves. When science began to drop into truth's treasury a word for God, it symbolized a future intimacy and union between these two great giants, designed for the service of men and the glory of God.

Not only does nature's testimony add 33

generously to the theistic conclusion, but it gives some hints as to how we are to regard God. For example the following considerations are worth our while. An ordered nature must be animated by a great thought and guided by a great purpose. Hence the necessity for Personal Intelligence. The mind will not allow things to exist at random. Not only does nature need a constitutive intelligence, but the demand of the mind makes urgent the comprehending of all things under some law-giving plan. Why the system is as it is, implies purpose. Nature is a form of working for the expression and realization of Living Will and Personal Intelligence. The unity of nature must have back of it the higher unity of its Author. The universal reign of law could proceed from no God save a law-giving and law-abiding God. "Nature reveals the bounty and infinite variety in the nature of God. The passing seasons, with the majesty of summer and the sanctity of winter, represent the canvas upon which He portrays His passing thoughts. The tropic flowers, so luxuriant upon the plains of Africa as to clog the baggage wagons of

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Stanley, represent the richness of beauty with which God embroiders the lap of spring. The mountains with their cloud-capped towers, the high hills all aged with snow, the hillsides waving with wheat, represent the infinite variety and wealth of God's mind and heart."

Nature is a preacher of righteousness and suggests a holy God of moral love. She is against the lawless. Nature warns against the folly of sin and teaches the wisdom of right living. She makes the way of the transgressor hard. Evil thoughts she brands upon the face as marks of disapproval and of shame. She has only the aching head and the throbbing brow for the excesses of riotous living. She arrays herself in severity against the sinner. To him she is "brutal as tyranny, and merciless as death." The plains of the universe are sloped to the advantage of righteousness. Kant, standing under "the polished dome, in which the lamps of God did burn," saw a vision. He thought that nature broke the silence in the voice of conscience. Then he saw the letter "o," in the word "ought," enlarge into a great

circle, becoming ever larger, until it seemed to include the whole universe.

But when all is said it is not enough. Even though partial to nature, we must confess her limitations. In photographing the Matterhorn, in the Switzerland Alps, it is necessary, on account of its size, to take the picture in sections. The genius of God is such that each red rose, each golden cloud, each fact of life, may help us to see Him; and yet the glimpse is only partial. Is there in nature such a revelation as is necessary for the moral person, to enable him to begin and to progress in the religious process of his life? Science and nature deal too largely with the physical and the material to take us all the way. We must get over into the realm of the moral and the spiritual for the completer truth, and even for the interpretation of such truth as we have. If we grant a Divine Spirit of the universe, nature can not possibly be the ultimate word to man.

The history of the race gives abundant proof that the light of nature is not sufficient. Tell us, ye fire-worshipers of the Orient, cutting and mutilating yourselves until the

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quivering flesh is hacked and raw, is nature all? What say you, ye cannibals of Borneo, of a few years ago, gnawing the roasted flesh from human bones? Nature has always been yours. Answer, ye mother tossing your babe in the name of religion into the Ganges; or ye women of China with your feet cramped and deformed into hoofs! Nature, however beautiful and rich in meaning, does not pour the necessary light into the midnight darkness of a sinful soul.

For the Christian also, nature, as a revelation, is inadequate and even misleading. Though she "never did betray the heart that loved her," she is at times so manifestly lacking in equity as to seem often to strike the wrong man. It appears as if nature and her laws were engines to crush out human hope and life. Then all this talk of nature, law, force, and invariable sequence seem like the tempting prattle of Satan persuading to belief in a religion of absolute despair. It is no easy matter for the sensitive soul to harmonize his moral ideal with the brutal facts of the universe. The problem of the dark side of nature puts to the test our belief in

the goodness of God. We cry, More light! Nor do we cry in vain. Revelation permits us to look into the face of the personal God, who makes His love known with overwhelming certainty. We look for God in the face of Jesus Christ and discover the spiritual purpose of a moral universe in the love of God and in the sacrifice of Jesus.

The final meaning of nature and the character of ultimate reality are given us in Christ. What sort of a mind is behind the outward world? Was John Stuart Mill right in bringing an indictment of cruelty against nature for her refusal to explain her mysteries, and in speaking of God as a nameless, concealed being, whose face is not humanized to the lineaments of love? Not if nature is interpreted with the added light of Reve-For the mind that lies behind all lation. things is in reality the reason and heart of Christ. The God of nature is the Christlike God, but in nature we see Him only in part. Science herself is asking for the larger vision and is turning her inquiring gaze toward the more complete revelation. Romanes, once an agnostic, says in his last book, "Science is

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moving with all the force of a tidal wave toward faith in Jesus Christ as the world's Savior." In Christ we find the God who is love. "We look upon the worlds hung in the firmament, and in the background we read, God is power. We look at their majestic movements, as they march through their appointed rounds, and we read, God is majesty. We look at their infinite complexity, yet beautiful simplicity, and we read, God is wisdom. We look at their laws that never fail, and we read, God is truth. We look at nature's provision for our well-being and happiness, and we read, God is good-But we look on the face of Jesus ness. Christ, and we read, God is love."

Shall we then reject nature because of her limitations? Certainly not! for with her incalculable power upon life—physical, æsthetic, intellectual, spiritual—she is not only a problem to the reason, but affords a testimony of no inconsiderable value to both reason and faith.

<sup>&</sup>quot;For truth is not closed in the lids of a book, For its chainless soul is free;

For truth surges into the open heart And into the willing eye,

And streams from the breath of the steaming earth,

And drops from the bending sky;

'T is not shut in a book, in a church, or a school, Nor cramped in the chains of a creed,

But lives in the open air and the light For all men in their need!

'T is the Voice that comes from the gilded peaks, From the hills that shoulder the sky,

Through the topless heights of a man's own dreams,
This Voice goes wandering by;

And who roams the earth with an open heart, With an ear attuned to hear,

Will catch some broken chord of the sound Whenever the Voice comes near."

—SAM WALTER FOSS.

God is everywhere, not only by His essential, invisible presence, but by His manifestations of power and perfection. It is a mistake to presume that there are no splendors, outside of the Book, issuing from God's works and providence; and it is an even more fatal blunder to assume that the light of nature is either all that we have or need.

#### NATURE'S TESTIMONY

God intends that we should open our ears to the countless voices of wisdom and virtue. which, now in whispers, now in thunders, issue from the whole of nature and of life. He purposes too that we should hear His voice in special revelation and interpret His universe of truth in the illumination of Personality, Supreme and Perfect. He who studies nothing but nature will find confusion and darkness. He who studies nothing but the Bible does not study it to the greatest profit. Were nature rightly studied she would send man to his Bible and his knees. Were the Bible rightly read it would send him for instruction to every creature that God has made, and to every event wherein God is acting. God and God's truth are everywhere. The Bible and Christ concentrate the truth diffused through the universe and pour it upon mind and heart with solar luster.

Our appreciation of nature will increase as in faithful pursuit of the quest of truth we come to see the place and value of her message for life and for God. Coleridge one morning before sunrise, in the Vale of

Chamonix, looks upon the towering form of Mt. Blanc, veiled by the clouds, and writes:

"O, dread and silent mount, I gazed on thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought; entranced in
prayer,

I worshiped the Invisible alone.

"Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

"And you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely glad, Who called you forth from night and utter death?

From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
Forever shattered and the same forever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your
joy,

Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
Here let the billows stiffen and have rest?

"Ye ice-falls, ye that from the mountain's brow Adown enormous ravines slope amain— Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty Voice, And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge.

#### NATURE'S TESTIMONY

"Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!

Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living
flowers

Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?

"God! let the torrents, like a voice of nations,
Answer; and let the ice plains echo, God!
God! sing Ye meadow streams with gladsome
voice;

Ye pine groves with your soft and soul-like sounds;

And they, too, have a voice, you piles of snow, And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

"Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost! Ye wild goats, sporting round the eagle's nest! Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm! Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds! Ye signs and wonders of the elements! Utter forth, God! and fill the hills with praise!

"Thou, too, dread mount, with thy sky-pointing peaks,

Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard, Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene

Into the depths of clouds that veil thy breast— Thou, too, again, stupendous mountain! thou

That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base,
Slow-traveling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me,—rise, O, ever rise!
Rise like a cloud of incense from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit, throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great hierarch! Tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars; and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God!"

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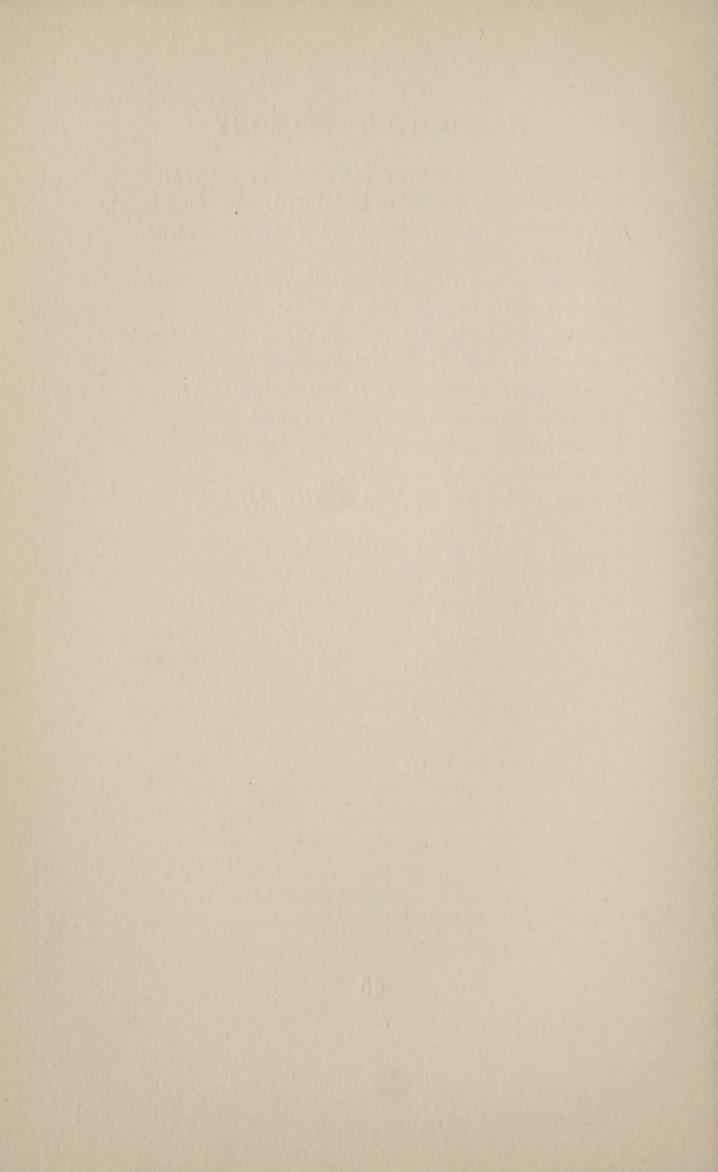
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## Man in the Moral Court of History

"Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God? Shall I come before Him with burnt offerings, with calves of a year old? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? Shall I give my first-born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?

He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" Micah 6:6-8.

"Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ. For in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. And ye are complete in Him." Colossians 2:8-10.

# MAN IN THE MORAL COURT OF HISTORY

THE prophet Micah gives us a glimpse of man in history, working out the problems of his existence. Surely man in history is a fruitful source of suggestion for religious truth.

Very much depends upon our viewpoint of history itself and upon how we study it. Hegel's great "Philosophy of History" is a development of the contention that the aim and scope of the civilizing process in history is the attainment of rational freedom, by which he means liberation from outward control and from the inward slavery of lust and passion. We may readily grant that the whole historical process and the whole scope of historical event proclaims the need of such a freedom and tells the story of man's failures and successes in his effort to attain it.

Our method, in so far as we have occa49

sion to study the field of history, will be in substantial accord with some utterances of Bishop McDowell in a sermon some years ago. He said the last thing to do with history is to remember it. But there are three things to be done: first, see it with the imagination; second, understand it; third, resolution in the face of the facts.

The scope of history is much wider than our present concern. It has been suggested that a broad division of universal history might be made into astronomical, geological, and human history. Astronomical history began, say, a thousand million years ago, when God said, "Light be," and light was. Geological history began more recently, but perhaps several hundred million years ago. Human history began at a comparatively late date, with the appearance of man. It is within the province of this last division that our interest lies.

But man as he is, and man as we think and feel he ought to be, present a radical contradiction. Whatever the primitive historic germ may have been, we have evidently come to a new point of departure through

the corrupted nature. Is the idea of a regenerated humanity, with the ideal of a perfect man, germane and fundamental in the human race? If so, then what?

Protagoras, a famous Greek philosopher, said, "Man is the measure of all things." He therefore becomes the standard of judgment in all questions of the true, the beautiful and the good. We ask, What man? Plato replied, "Our God is the measure of all things." We think of the whole Greek Pantheon, and inquire, What God? Aristotle declared, "The perfect man is the measure of all things." But where is the perfect man? Philosophy can not answer. Christianity has answered.

The ceaseless, undying hunger of the race has been for perfect manhood, with all that that implies. God is immanent in the moral nature of every man, and whoever permanently rejects or accepts the innermost voice of a God-illuminated conscience rejects or accepts the essential Christ.

The idea of God is inherent in man's moral ideal. Moral concern will not down, because its taproot is man's intuitive sense

of the Supernatural, to which he feels himself to belong. God and the moral consciousness are facts of life. In the sense of God, in every rational being, there is a moral law asserting the difference between right and wrong. "The fundamental ideas of the moral nature are constitutive of the mind, and are as world-wide as the race." Human nature, fundamentally moral, is the basis of a valid argument for God. Kant's great service was in emphasizing the moral argument based on conscience and the moral order of the world. We are fundamentally dependent upon the moral consciousness even more than upon reason for knowing God. From the moral nature of man we infer the moral nature of man's Maker. A moral order of human beings implies a moral universe; a moral race and a moral world necessitate a holy God. Man's highest interests depend on a practical recognition of the moral principles of a world essentially moral. Hence peace and joy, the satisfied craving of the human heart, are only to be found in the consciousness of right and of duty done. The way of beatitude is

"Where our duty's task is wrought In unison with God's great thought."

Man can not satisfy his own ideal. The larger moral task is impossible to him. The ethical demand is that he be loyal to his ideal through the entire reach of his personal intention, and he is always conscious of falling short of absolute inner righteousness. He tries, but he can not organize himself about his main intention, nor control the deeps of his individuality, or the basic longings of his nature.

Man's hope is in passing from morality to religion; to where the moral law itself becomes a friend through the power of a love that is the fulfilling of the law. The entrance to this new way is the sorrow for failure that leads to repentance. Man's intuitive sense of the Supernatural, and his consciousness of utter failure to realize his moral ideal, lead not only to sorrow for failure, but ultimately to a personal bearing of faith toward the Supernatural, whose approaches of love have inspired the "personal leap into confidence." Slow and tedious

was the road over which he traveled in reaching this final goal, but the certainty of his ultimate success was assured in the fact that man is fundamentally a religious being, and in the further fact of the nature and resources of God.

The religious principle is in human nature. If we give attention to the reason we find that its earliest inquiry is into causes. The mere child breaks his toys to see what makes them go. Reason asks whence comes the order of the universe, and can not rest until it has ascended to the First Cause. The idea of God is thus involved in the primitive and most universal idea of reason and is one of its central principles.

The affections declare our natures to be made for religion. We respond to the beneficence and love of God because we feel the need of His love. The supreme appeal to human nature is in that favorite Scripture, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

- "When I survey the wondrous cross
  On which the Prince of Glory died,
  My richest gain I count but loss,
  And pour contempt on all my pride.
- "See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down! Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- "Were the whole realm of nature mine,
  That were a present far too small;
  Love so amazing, so divine,
  Demands my soul, my life, my all."

But the particular capacity in man with which history deals the most largely is conscience. Conscience asserts itself in the sense of sin and the claim of our moral nature for righteousness and retribution. Largely out of this fundamental fact in human life there has come man's determined purpose to not only have a God, but to have His favor and forgiveness. Man will have a god of some kind because he must. Emerson said, "The idea of God cleaves to the human constitution." A little boy is flying his kite in the dusk of the evening. A man

passing by, observing that the kite is no longer in sight, tries to tell the boy that it is lost. He answers, "No; I feel it pull!" So man feels himself bound to God and must have His favor.

Man knows God as the Source of his life, and seeks to worship. However primitive the expression of religious aspiration, it is still the Godward assertion of the essential self. The demand for the Infinite is the explanation of that crude form of reverence which expresses itself in the worship of nature in the boundlessness of its extent and power. Such a form of worship quite naturally takes possession of the mind when we are brought face to face with the great elemental forces of nature. Higher in the scale, but proceeding from the same human requirements, is the worship of the moral law in the absoluteness of its authority, but regarded as embodied in some concrete form. The Christian religion so completely combines these two infinites as to be able to take the place of both. "The God of Christianity is conceived at once as the infinite Power revealed in nature,

and as the source and end of the moral ideal." Christianity alone is able to bring out with clearness that inspiring faith which enables men to see in the world outside of them the working out of their own moral aspirations, and to beget the confidence that "the soul of the world is just." Christianity is the highest testimonial to the persistent bearing of the human toward God, but all religion in greater or less degree exhibits the same fact. Glance backward across the continent of the years and read this deeper meaning of human history on every page. Behold the awe-inspiring ruins by the Nile! What are they but the fragments of old Egypt's prayers? Look at the crumbling Parthenon, whither the multitudes tend. What is this old ruin but the shrine of the holiest religious conceptions of the Greeks? The dust of Nineveh and of Babylon is the pathetic inquiry after God of haughty and powerful races. Ashes of nations and races strew thick

"The great world's altar stairs,
That slope through darkness up to God."

Every nation at some time

"Sprang to its feet, Stood erect, caught at God's skirts, and prayed."

How often their blind efforts have seemed to fail, and they have perished, with their dying eyes turned toward the Unknown! At best they found Deity only as a logical deduction. But the heart's cry ceases not. Man is a religious being; he can not be otherwise; he must have God.

Unbelief fails in its effort to get on without God. The atheist tries to find a substitute for the Christian's God, thereby confessing that the God he will not recognize is there, and in his innermost heart he knows it. To avoid recognizing God, the Supernatural, and miracle, some worship Humanity, others the Unknowable. Strauss deified the universe, and after ruthlessly demolishing all other deities, clung to the Universum, as he called it. The homage of the archskeptic to this chosen god of his old age is an unmistakable and pathetic witness to the need of the human heart and to the demands of our moral consciousness.

Review again those scenes of carnage and wild despair, when unreality, hunger, and guilt, running mad, stained the pages of French history with rivers of blood. The French have determined upon the destruction of the Catholic religion. But almost immediately they decide upon a Feast of Reason. See them yonder adoring as Goddess of Reason an impure woman, seated upon the high altar of Notre Dame! Still later, Catholicism being burned out, and Reasonworship guillotined, they resort to what Carlyle calls Mumbo-Jumbo, decreeing the existence of the Supreme Being and the immortality of the soul, with Robespierre not only legislator of a free people, but priest and prophet. They now burn Atheism and Company, in pasteboard steeped in turpentine; but there is no grip upon the essential Christian spirit, and the work of the guillotine continues. Why did not France get on without God? In all her struggles to substitute for the altars of the Lord, her conscious need saw only vanity and emptiness, while her moral life, dripping with the blood of the slain, with restless and oft-repeated accusa-

tions ever cried, Guilty! guilty! Contentment and joy depend upon man's finding God, in whose spiritual likeness he is made, and for whose approval he yearns.

The moral self demands the conscious favor of God. Conscience is the consciousness of God in the soul, and as such readily becomes our accuser. Self-justification ceases when man draws near to God. When man is brought to a vivid sense of the nearness of the Holy Person the moral law reveals, he is at once brought into self-condemnation and unrest on acount of his sins.

Conscience flays the guilty with merciless lash, and is unrelenting in its demands. Scourged by this fact, Lord Byron writes of

"That pang where more than madness lies!
The worm that will not sleep and never dies,
Thought of the gloomy day, and ghastly night,
That dreads the darkness, and yet loathes the
light;

That winds around and tears the quivering heart, Ah! wherefore not consume it and depart?"

The poet Heraud exclaims:

"Will no remorse, will no decay,
O Memory, soothe thee into peace?
When life is ebbing fast away
Will not thy hungry vultures cease?
Ah no! as weeds from fading free,
Noxious and rank, yet verdantly,
Twine round a ruined tower,
So to the heart, untamed, will cling
The memory of an evil thing
In life's departed hour;
Green is the weed when gray the wall,
And thistles rise while turrets fall."

"Yet open Memory's book again;
Turn o'er the lovelier pages now,
And find that balm for present pain
Which past enjoyment can bestow;
Delusion all, and void of power!
For e'en in thoughts serenest hour,
When past delights are felt
And memory shines on scenes of woe,
'T is like the moonbeam on the snow,
That gilds, but can not melt;
That throws a mocking luster o'er,
But leaves it cheerless as before.'

Adam and Eve, conscious of the guilt of disobedience, try in vain to hide themselves from the presence of God. Cain becomes a vagabond, for he can not deafen his soul to the unwelcome voice; it is Abel's blood crying out from the earth against him. Joseph's brethren in Egypt become their own accusers, exclaiming in fear and terror, "We are verily guilty concerning our brother." Herod, hearing reports of Christ, declares, 'It is John the Baptist; he is risen from the dead." Shakespeare, in "Richard III," makes false Clarence say:

"My dream was lengthened after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul!
I passed, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write
of,

Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.

The first that there did greet my stranger soul Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,

Who cried aloud—What scourge for perjury Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence? And so he vanished. Then came wandering by A shadow like an angel, with bright hair

Dabbled in blood, and he shrieked out aloud, Clarence is come—false, fleeting, perjured Clarence—

That stabbed me in the field of Tewkesbury; Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!

With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends Environed me, and howled in mine ears Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise, I trembling waked, and for a season after Could not believe but that I was in hell; Such terrible impression made my dream.

I have done these things
That now give evidence against my soul.

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury in the highest degree;
Murder, stern murder in the dir'st degree;
All several sins, all used in each degree,
Thronged to the bar, crying all—Guilty!
Guilty!

I shall despair. There is no creature loves me, And, if I die, no soul shall pity me.

Nay, wherefore should they? Since I myself Find in myself no pity to myself."

Even heaven itself can not give peace while the guilty soul mirrors a frown upon the face of God. Whitefield in 1740 on Boston Common asked, "Would you be happy if you were in heaven, with your characters unchanged, remaining as they are at this moment?" All there is in literature, in heathen sacrifice, and in human endeavor, intended to propitiate the powers, and bring peace to the soul, answers, No. For harmonization of the soul with the infinite holiness of the moral law, with which it is environed and possessed, man must be delivered from the love and guilt of his sin. There is only one true philosophical answer to the question, "What must I do to be saved?" It is, "Acquire now the similarity of moral likeness with God." Ah! but just here lies the difficulty.

Many a sinner, desiring to approach a holy God, confronts the greatest problem of his existence. "He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" Absolutely true! But man stands condemned

in the light of that standard. Here is the moral law reduced to simplicity of statement. In the presence of it guilty man continues to ask, "Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God? Shall I come before Him with burnt offerings, with calves of a year old? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? Shall I give my firstborn for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?" There is little comfort in the moral law of the Old Testament, except as the prophetic message points the way to man's release from sin. O, the tragedies of history, as man in the twilight of departed innocence has sought after God's smile, awaiting the dawn of the soul's larger hope, in the coming of the Christ!

Christianity provides the way of forgiveness, issuing in a regenerated humanity, with the ideal of a perfect man. "Who, then, can forgive sins?" asked an ancient philosopher. "Perhaps the gods may," some one ventured to answer. He replied, "I do not know whether it would be safe for the gods

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to forgive sin." But in the divine plan of things, with regenerating power, a moral standard, and a quickened life, forgiveness is as fruitful as it is necessary. Through the channel of forgiveness and a conscious salvation there comes the answer to the heart's longing. Dr. E. M. Taylor tells of visiting a pagan temple, where sixteen acres of ground were dedicated to the worship of pagan gods. What is that little pool in the center? It is called the Fountain of Life. In it has been placed a variety of things, supposed to possess saving properties. See the deluded suppliants dipping their fingers into it, touching in turn their hearts, tongues, and foreheads. Hundreds come and go, but not once in a single case is the blank, hopeless look of despair raised from any one sad face. The very same day he goes to another community, where native Christians are holding a camp-meeting. As he draws near he hears them singing in jubilant tones—

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains."

Behold the expression of joy and the message of peace on every countenance! What washings, ceremonies, pilgrimages, and penance has in all the ages failed to accomplish is become the glad experience of the seeking soul. The invisible realities of heaven have found a place in the consciousness of men. Sin and weakness no longer have power to shackle the innate ideal of the soul born of the inward sense of God. Grand reality for the heathen world and for all mankind is this power of God unto salvation.

"Thou, dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed world of God
Are saved to sin no more."

What, then, does history suggest as some of the requirements of a world religion, necessitated by the moral ideal fundamental to humanity? It must be a universal, and not a local or national religion; for the need of the heart is everywhere the same. Buddhism, Brahminism, and even Judaism fail at this point. Christianity is the one "whosoever will" religion, both in the generosity

of its invitation and in its constitutional adaptation.

It must be a spiritual religion, free from empty forms. The demand for reality must be maintained, in a vital consciousness of a sense of the divine, as a living presence sufficient unto every need. Christianity is inherently spiritual, although historically it has not always been true to itself. The very essence of its genius is expressed in the Scripture, "God is a Spirit: and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

It must be a revealed religion. There are few lessons more clearly taught by man in the moral court of history than man's utter inability to so interpret himself and the world about him as to know God aright, apart from special revelation. "To the unknown God" represents the condensed wisdom of perhaps thirty great and original philosophies, the deduction of ten centuries of thought and speculation, the result of the long and brilliant history of Greek intellectualism. Jesus said, "He that hath seen Me, hath seen the Father." And, "These are

written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through His name."

It must be a rational religion. It must not do violence to the truth inherent in human nature and thought. Addison said, "A religion, to be worth anything, should work well in three places: on deathbeds, in our highest moments of emotional illumination, and when we are keenest rationally." Jesus said, "I am the Truth;" and truth is inherently and essentially rational. The truths of the Christian revelation and the Truth Incarnate in the person of Christ are not a contradiction, but the complement of the truth revealed in the nature, demands, and possibilities of human life and thought.

It must be a moral religion. The moral ideal of human nature will never give man rest in a religion that is without ethics. The Hindu leaves his incantations to engage in most loathsome crime. The follower of Islam rushes from his knees to rapine and plunder. The Duke of Anjou, professedly Christian, outlines his nefarious plans to his followers, and as they roar with laughter he springs

from his bed and, kneeling there in his nightgown, he invokes the blessing of heaven upon his schemes. The nominal Christian leaves the sacramental altar and the holy atmosphere of religious devotion to begin his work on the morrow with concessions to sin under the flimsy excuse that "business is business." The religious time-server argues, with his hand upon his purse, that it is politic and perhaps even necessary to regulate and endure evil rather than to exterminate or at least to fight it. Hence the prolonged life of the saloon and other forms of iniquity. But this manifest lack of that ethical element that is inseparably inherent in the truly spiritual, outrages the moral sense of human nature. Even the sinner cries out against the inconsistency that gives the lie to religious profession. "If ye love Me, keep My commandments." "Follow not that which is evil, but that which is good. He that doeth good is of God: but he that doeth evil hath not seen God." These ethical standards of the gospel ring true to the deep demands of a man's own soul.

Not only must it be a moral religion, but

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it must be a morality that is the fruit of religion. Such ethics as are possible without religion history declares a manifest and hopeless failure. There is some very good teaching in the precepts of the old sages, but morality is paralyzed for want of personal vitalization. Man has tried to be good under the influence of the moral law long enough to know that unless God in some special manner comes to his aid he is utterly lost. A German thinker explains his turning from infidelity to Christianity by saying that when he discovered his life in ruins he found that the supreme need of his soul was a Savior like Jesus. "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost; which He shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Savior; that, being justified by His grace, we should be made heirs according to the hope of eternal life." And yet the righteous works must be there; they are inherent in the saved life as its inevitable fruitage; for the faith that is without works is dead, and its absence can only

indicate that we have not passed from death unto life.

It must be a religion capable of solving the problem of sin. A moral order in man and in the universe demands a holy God, who can not look upon sin with indifference. The moral law pronounces man a sinner and makes his approach to God one of fear. The religions of the world have failed to rise to the immensity of the need. Can Christianity solve the sin problem? In the Atonement love triumphs without the sacrifice of justice. Mercy tempers the moral law, while fulfilling its utmost demands and making actual its hitherto impossible ideal. The pardoned sinner exclaims:

"He owns me for His child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father cry."

Dare a pardoned sinner expect a potency and divine power in religion sufficient to keep him in favor with a holy God? Does a holy God expect what the moral law asserts—the idea of a regenerated humanity, with the

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ideal of a perfect man? Man in the moral court of history evidences the fact that no religion can become the world religion except it be sufficiently dynamic to be creative and regulative of a new life, both individual and collective. Christianity accepts the challenge. Jesus said, "I am come that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly." He taught us to pray and work for His Kingdom to come and for His will to be done by the individual in the constituting of the new social order.

It must be the religion of the Incarnation, the lifting of man through the divine touch from above into that completeness that satisfies the moral ideal inherent in human nature. The little boy yonder stretches himself to reach the latch that he may seek the presence of his father, who is just starting for the battlefield to sacrifice for the safety and larger heritage of his child. Try as best he may, the little fellow can not span the distance from his own lowly position up to the latch that opens to him the vision of father. Then his elder brother, tall and manly, reaching down, grasps the latch to the door, thus

filling out what is lacking of the child's upreach. So humanity has stood on tiptoe, reaching for the latch, to get a glimpse of God and to enjoy His approving smile. Through the centuries men have failed, until Christ, tall and mighty, with His shoulders under the throne of the Eternal, reaching His generous hand out of the heavens to supply what was short in the upreach of man, has unlocked the door and bids us behold in righteousness the Father's face.

At the noble cathedral of Strasburg there is a clock representing the planets in relation to one another and to the sun. The hours register the movements of these planets. Above the clock with its solar system is Christ and His apostles. The suggestion is that the order and movement of the universe have their meaning in mankind, but in mankind expressed in its completeness in Jesus the Christ. The moral ideal is satisfied in The Perfect Man, and "ye are complete in Him." For each of us who make Him Savior and Lord there is, in the wideness of God's mercy,

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"A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine!

"Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above,
Write Thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love."

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Boston Monday Lectures (Biology).—Cook.

The Call of To-day.—Lucas.

The Young Man with a Program.—Eckman.

The Hungry Christ.—Young.

God's Goodness and Severity.—Townsend.

Philosophy of History.—Hegel.

The French Revolution.—Carlyle.

The Influences of Christ in Modern Life.—Hillis.

The Religions of China.—Legge.

Confucianism and Taoism.—Douglas.

Buddhism—Rhys-Davids.

Islam—Stobart.

Egyptian Religion.—Budge.

The Christian Religion.—Fisher.

Channing's Works.

The Open Door.

Manual of Ethics.—Mackenzie.

The Assurance of Faith.—Guth.

The Greatest Things in Religion.—Antrim.

# Christian Teaching in Art

"Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined."—(Psalm 50:2.)

"God, who giveth us richly, all things to enjoy."
—(1 Timothy 6:17.)

"When dreams depart, then it is time to die.

Nay, thou art dead, when thy dear dreams depart.

Even though thy ghost still haunts the crowded mart,

Still with proud grace salutes the passer-by,
Reaps golden grain when the hot sun rides high,
Sails the far seas with compass and with chart,
Of the world's burden bears its wonted part
Or faces doom with calm unwonted eye.
For dreams,—they are the very breath of life;
The little leaven that informs the whole;
Wine of the gods, poured from the upper skies;
Manna from heaven, to nerve thee for thy strife.
Fetter thy dreams, and hold them fast, O soul!
When they depart, it is thy-self that dies."

-Julia C. R. Dorr.

Art is the embodiment of man's dreams, the visible expression of the soul's vision. It is the realization of a permanent idea in an ephemeral form. It is a means of giving outward expression to an inward life. It is a glimpse of the eternal beauty born

into time. It is a gleam of the supernal splendor making radiant the habitations of earth. Art is man's effort freely to reproduce the ideal in truth and life. It is man's attempt to incarnate a higher than natural beauty. It is an inspired human effort to make the creations of man's hand, brain, and heart shine with

"The light that never was on land or sea."

The sources of inspiration from which worthy art springs are in the depths of the human heart, in the eternal realities of life, and in the dreams of loftiest vision.

Presuming these to be statements of fact, we are led to further inquiry. Has art a vital and necessary significance for the religious life? If so, what is the place and value of art as an expression and teacher of Christian truth? And, what is its message to the hearts of men?

Art is properly and essentially religious. It is itself an excellence of human nature. Its soul is the desire for expression, and the beauty at which it aims is a part of the di-

vine nature. It is a gift from above, original and creative. Many an artist stands before his work and wonders how he created it, and mistrusts his power of reproducing it.

Religion is art's creative life, and art is religion's effort at self-expression. One can scarcely understand the art of any country apart from its religion, nor the religion apart from its art. Art belongs with religion, declining and reviving with it. It is said that with man began religion, and with religion art. In religion art finds its loftiest themes, its holiest inspirations, and its most sympathetic encouragement. True, sometimes it has been degraded to ignoble uses of vice and superstition. Of some painters it may be said that mud shows in the bottom of their eyes. But all high art is the best expression of a people's inner heart and life, and finds in religion its very soul. thing that made Egypt the mother of arts and that bade her build her pyramids and her temples was her religion. Art, both pagan and Christian, has everywhere lived, moved, and had its being in religion. This was possibly even more true of classical than

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of mediæval art. Phidias helped to spiritualize the religion of Greece in a sense and to a degree that scarcely finds a counterpart in the work of Raphael for Italy. Greek art finds its interpretation in the idea that the beautiful is the most fit symbol and indeed the very synonym for the divine. The Greek artist, with this conception of things, became a worker upon Deity regarded as residing in human form. But if classic art is both religious and theological, the art of the Renaissance is also intensely religious. The nobility of the art of any country or period of time is measured by and is a measure of the religion that is its source and inspiration. The Christian spirit is vital and necessary to art at its best, and the degree to which art embodies and expresses this spirit determines the ratio of its significance for the religious life.

Art, like religion, has its home in the ideal. It is man's effort to get nearer the mind of God in His work. It is an effort to express the ideals of order, unity, balance, and harmony that we feel to exist in the handiwork of God. It is the inspired human

search for the expression of the ideal. This ideal it conceives as moral, for the moral basis of life is necessary to give the foundation on which anything permanent in art can be securely built. It is an interesting fact that the development of art and the growth of ideals have ever gone side by side, keeping pace with each other. At times art has been tempted to sacrifice the ideal in the supposed interests of the real. But the true idealism is the real seen not merely as it is, but as it should be and as it shall be. Reality does not require that we paint everything that we see, but that we see everything that we paint. Art is not art unless it is the utterance of the ideal. Immoral art is a contradiction in terms. It is false to the best meaning of life, and with the best meaning of life art lives and dies. True art is created by life at its highest. It is not only a source of a very noble form of enjoyment, but its ideals inspire one with loftier views of life, while they minister to the service of mankind through their revelations of beauty. Art may have a market value, but the real measure of its value is its ministry to the

higher moral, spiritual, and intellectual uses of life on the plane of the ideal.

The ideal in art finds expression in the beautiful. Can it be that beauty and religion are necessarily at variance with each other? Why did the God of all the earth select "Zion, the perfection of beauty," as the special place where His revealed glory was to shine forth? When He "giveth us richly all things to enjoy," does He mean all things except beauty? God Himself is the author of all beauty. He by whom all things were made is the Master Painter.

"Have you seen a Master Painter with a brush beyond compare?

He has surely been about here with a touch surpassing fair;

For I see His masterpieces in the clover and the rose,

And upon the robin's plumage, and the hanging vines that close

In upon my chamber window—O, I know He has been there,

And I want to see this Painter with His brush beyond compare.

- "I know He must be lovely—and His thoughts are wondrous fine,
  - For He puts the daintiest touches where I would the least of mine;
  - He has left some pretty sketches in the nooks out in the woods,
  - And He scattered little daisies all along the dusty roads.
  - I can tell you where He travels and that brush of His has gone,
  - But I want to find this Painter, and I want to find Him soon.
- "He must have hung His easel on a cloud up in the sky,
  - On a recent summer evening, when a thunder storm went by;
  - For I saw a rainbow painted, midst its frown, and flash, and roar,
  - And the silenced earth, from shadows, seemed to gather hope once more;
  - But I could not see the canvas or the Master's moving hand,
  - Yet I want to find this Painter, if I search in every land.
- "He must have come quite near me, even passed within my door,
  - For He mixed His charmed pigments on the cheeks my loved ones wore;

And He must have dipped His brushes in a sunbeam entering near,

And touched their eyes to loveliness, and all their smiles with cheer.

Where does He get His colors, and how does He put them on?

O! I must find this Painter, and I must find Him soon.

"There's such a magic in His working and such charm within His art,

If He colors flowers and faces, is He master of the heart?

I have a canvas large to paint, 't is all the world to me,

And I want His brightest colors there for all eternity.

If I can only see Him, just to look upon His face, I shall share with Him His beauty, masterpiece of saving grace."

-W. W. SHENK.

"The foundation of beauty in the world is the presence of God in it." "Beauty on earth is not self-made, but sent hither by the hand and will of God." The Maker of the world has crammed it with loveliness and beauty. The Maker of man has tempered his nature with artistic ideals like unto those

by which He has fashioned the world. We appreciate the beautiful because He has made us to share with Him His nature and ideals. The æsthetic in man is a badge of royalty, for it reflects the image of Him who made us. "Both physical and moral beauty, in finite things and beings, are symbols and manifestations of Him who is the Author and Lover of beauty, and who is Himself the Infinite and Absolute Beauty."

The occasional hostility of religion to beauty is one of the tragic misfortunes in history, the result of gross misunderstanding. The Jews were forbidden to make any likeness of their Deity. The evident intention was to separate, as far as possible, their worship from all art that had been associated with idol worship. It could hardly have meant that they were to discard all art: for the divinely given tabernacle, the ark of the covenant, and the golden cherubim were all artistic symbols of things spiritual; while the temple, with its religious sentiment and system, must be regarded as the perfection of Hebrew art, even though borrowed, as some contend, from the Phænicians or Per-

sians. The horror of image worship among Christians discouraged all visible representation of Christ, while architecture and decoration were regarded as unfavorable to the spiritual life. Like the Hebrews, the Christians could not distinguish between use and abuse, with the result that all the world is forever poorer. We see the beginnings of a change about the time of Constantine. Sculpture as well as painting begin to rapidly develop, while architectural variation and Christian art in church building receive ever-increasing attention. But the time had past for authentic representation of many things we most want and need in the service of Christian truth and life.

Beauty and religion belong together, but we must get past the beautiful things to the ideal beauty behind them. The very presence of beauty in nature and art would lead us to believe that somewhere and for some Being there shines an unchanging splendor of beauty. Nor does the naturalistic theory of the universe give adequate explanation of the æsthetic. Thus does beauty itself become a witness to God. Beauty is not an

accident of things; it pertains to their essence. Its banishment by man is only a proof of the moral disorder that disturbs the world. The power to appreciate the beautiful and the sublime is not only an accomplishment, but is a vital part of the development of character. The effect of beauty on character is refining and powerful. The æsthetic nature is to be nourished not only for the pleasure it gives, but for its relation to life and to life's achievement.

Nor should we forget the value and stimulus of the æsthetic motive as an aid to religious inspiration. It often plays a large part in determining one's choice of a Church or of a religion. The satisfaction of certain æsthetic needs contributes vastly to the power and hold of some Churches, especially on certain types of human nature. With people of this type even superiority in spiritual profundity does not take the place of the æsthetic. The practical problem is to so relate the two that the æsthetic shall not substitute for the deeply spiritual, but shall be subordinated to it, to the degree of greatest efficiency in a ministry of service to the inner

life. "The sense of beauty is universal; it is not the religious sense any more than beauty is religion. But in beauty the revelation which God has made of Himself in nature and the Bible reinforces His appeal to the universal sense. Were the world less beautiful it might still be habitable and sufficient for the getting and spending on which so many lay waste their powers; had the Bible no book of Psalms, no story of Ruth, no oracle of Isaiah, no parable of the Prodigal Son, no eulogy of Love, it might still have been sufficient for doctrine, reproof, correction, and instruction in righteousness. But how abridged its human interest would have been! This is the great apology for beauty; it is not faith, nor an object of faith; but it is one of the mouths through which a hungering faith is fed, an avenue along which God may travel to reveal Himself to the inquiring soul."

Beauty is the earthly shadow of holiness, and holiness the spiritual form of beauty. Beauty was never intended to merely please and excite the sensuous. The holy mission of art is to bring about such contemplation

of beauty, purity, and perfection as to create the love for these things in life and character. The noble Socrates in the dim religious light of his day understood this and exclaimed, "I pray Thee, O God, that I may be beautiful within." But it is particularly in Christian art that the ideal of physical beauty is subordinated to that of spiritual beauty. Art reaches the summit of its sublimity in the beauty of holiness. It can not be against the spiritual, for its life and ideal are here. Paul in Athens did not feel the art with which he was surrounded to be antagonistic to the spiritual ideal, but saw in art itself an unconscious worship that he sought to direct to the living God. He would make beauty one of God's messengers to awaken interest in the highest things.

Art is a doorway into the power and beauty of spiritual truth. The ministry of art in the realm of truth is vital and significant. The painter and the sculptor seek to express and interpret not only nature and life, but truth itself. Some one has said, "The course of nature is the art of God." Channing makes beauty the garb of truth.

Keats said, "Beauty is truth; truth beauty." Browning regards it as the way of speaking truth:

"It is the glory and good of art
That art remains the one way possible
Of speaking truth."

Art is a form of truth, an interpretation of the beautiful, an embodiment of ideals, a symbol of the spiritual and the divine. is a human attempt to realize a universal language, bringing to the understanding of appreciative souls the deeper meaning of nature and the more delicate shades of human expression. It is one of the most efficient means for the communication of divine truth. God reveals Himself in inspired forms of beauty. If scientific principles tell their story, why should not beauty also give us a glimpse of the Divine Mind? Thus is our knowledge and love of God increased. One of the first objects of Christian art is to teach; therefore truth, expressed in the beautiful and embodying the ideal, becomes a foremost aim of the artist.

The sweetness, beauty, and truth of art

are for life. Art is not for its own sake, but, as Browning said, "Art is for love's sake;" that is, for the sake of humanity. The artist is a necessity; his beautiful creation is of real worth. One can scarcely imagine a greater folly than that of those who would have the artist work in a slum or at manual labor. His task for practical life is the blending of the wholesome reveries of art with daily toil, not for himself alone, but for the millions of earth. Wordsworth's sonnet on Milton applies to every true artist:

"Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea;

Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free, So didst thou travel on life's common way, In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart The lowliest duties on herself did lay."

One of the purposes of art is to make life lovely. There is a constant tendency toward degradation from dullness and conventionalism and the mercenary spirit. The refining and uplifting influence of art on the commercial spirit and upon the home life is

vast and far-reaching. Beauty, like cleanliness, is very close to godliness. The presence of ugliness despoils life of its ideals and takes the keen edge off the moral sense. "Nature herself has such a prejudice against mere dirt that she covers with green any slope that will hold grass." A few years ago, at horticultural societies in England, prizes were offered to villagers for the best efforts in cottage gardening. The result was that a great change came over the home life of the people. Instead of gardens filled with rank grass and weeds there could be seen flaming hollyhocks, blood-red roses, and purple geraniums. A spirit of friendly rivalry and emulation was created, leading to improvements in households and to habits of cleanliness and industry. So, too, the ideals of art are a constant inspiration. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." The common man, surrounded without by beauty and art, soon manifests a social unrest, manifest in a desire and effort to have his home brought into conformity with these ideals. The engravings and cromos seen in the homes of the poor may, if measured by the critical

rules of art, be wretched daubs, but they at least show a longing and an inspiration after beauty, while their presence helps to produce a repose of mind and brings nothing with it but good. The loving manner in which children linger over pictures tells how deeply this feeling is implanted in the heart. Long before they can read their dawning powers are gradually being strengthened by these silent educators.

The artistic and æsthetic quality in human nature needs to be cultivated in practical life. The searching questions of Dr. Hyde are a good standard for self-measurement. "Do you leave things lying about wherever they happen to drop? Are you careless about your dress and personal appearance? If a thing serves its purpose, do you never stop to ask whether it is beautiful or ugly? Do you take no pains to make your home or room attractive? Is there no picture, no music, no building or landscape that you love and make some effort to see and enjoy? Then you are insensible to beauty. Do you assume an interest in beauty that you do not have? Do you put orna-

mentation on your building because you think it ought to have some, without much caring what it is? Do you buy pictures because you suppose you ought to have some? Do you go to concerts because it is fashionable? Do you wear fine clothes and have fine things because they are costly and showy, without much thought of whether you really get more enjoyment yourself, or give more to others, than you could with simple things? Then all your extravagant expenditure is so much vulgar affectation. you disfigure the woods and fences, the fields by the side of road or railway, with flaring advertisements? or, if others do, do you register no protest? Do you whittle your desk at school and write your initials or something worse in public places? Do you strew the picnic ground with boxes, papers, or fragments of food? Do you build hideous or ill-proportioned buildings in defiance of their effect on the skyline or the aspect of the street? Such defacement gives you a minus rank. Do you strive for neatness, fitness, beauty of texture, harmony of color, in the things you wear and have about you?

Do you care for dainty serving as well as good cooking of your food? Do you count beauty of form as well as serviceableness of substance as essential in anything you make or buy? Do you sometimes buy a picture, a flower, a piece of furniture, just because it is beautiful and you like it? Then you have taste. Can you read aloud, or sing, or play some musical instrument, so as to give pleasure? Can you paint, or mold, or carve something which it is a joy to look upon? Can you build houses that both serve their purpose and at the same time please the eye? Can you express thought in words which have a music which carries them to the heart as well as commends them to the mind? Have you the skill which interprets to the hearer or beholder an artist's masterpiece? Then you are a productive artist. Can you build a house, or compose a song, or paint a picture, or write a play which is something more than a putting together of familiar situations? Can you create characters in fiction or verse which have individuality, and prove their power to live? Can you see something no one ever showed

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you, and make others see it too? Can you feel things you are not sure were ever felt before, and find for them so fine and fair a form that through it others shall come to share your feeling? Then you are a poet, a creative artist."

Art for the people is a wholesome cry. It was one of the great achievements of Ruskin that he put art at the disposal of the poor. We see him bringing from the various countries of Europe the finest art-treasures, statues, paintings, tapestries, and mosaics, and scattering them among the workmen of the Sheffield factories. These models are soon reproduced in various forms to grace with beauty the homes of the poor. The value of public art for the masses, where the common people can visit without charge museums and art galleries, can hardly be overestimated. "Art is essentially public, and not private, in its destination, and if it achieves its grandest success, must minister to society, and not to millionaires." The Church will do well to seek to expand the religious aim and usefulness of art by bringing it to the whole community as a

means of cultivating the grace of refinement and beauty. The effort should be to raise the popular taste by the presentation of the best ideals in an intelligible form. "When the various objects represented, and especially human history and the human frame, are no longer regarded as indifferent things, but as expressions of the human and divine spirit, as transfigured by their connection with the general life of humanity and by the indwelling of God, the accession of dignity and of interest which will come to all artwork will be very great, and will be at once stimulating and ennobling." The painter and sculptor who makes nature and the human form more lovable and life more sweet and pure is a revealer to the people of the nature of God. If his purpose is true it will seek the largest and highest good to the greatest number. To fulfill this function he must have his mind open to the ideal and his soul responsive to the divine. For while possibly the primary duty of art may not be to teach morals and religion to the multitudes, yet its great opportunity is in its religious mission to the masses. Its ap-

peal being to the fundamental æsthetic sensation, relates it vitally to the universal emotions, while its ideals of beauty, appealing readily through the sense of sight, lead us to the very threshold of that beauty of holiness which is the glory of religion.

Recent art particularly has espoused the cause of the poor. Here we find the names of such artists as Millet, Josef Israels, and Jules Brenton. The effort has been to give an interpretation of, and to create enthusiasm for, the common folk and the common life. The themes are the poor man, the peasant woman, the little waif, the humble cottage. This class of artists also have the real Christian spirit and the truly religious sentiment. Millet says of the Bible, in connection with his art, "I find in it all that I do." Surely art devoted to the cause of such people as those among whom Christ went doing good, and finding its loving inspiration in the Bible, must bear a message of truth and helpfulness.

Great artists generally have been conscious of the lofty character of their work, and undertaken it with religious devotion.

It is said that when Benjamin West was a boy he was one day riding horseback with a neighbor boy who was apprenticed to a tailor. As he rode, the subject of a lifecalling came up. Ben tried his best to persuade his friend not to be a tailor, asserting that the one great thing in life was to be a painter. Being unable to persuade the boy, he leaped from the horse, exclaiming, "I will not ride with one willing to be a tailor." The day came when, as president of the Royal Academy, he was a favorite of princes and kings. Holman Hunt believed the primal function of art to be the same as that of religion, the subduing of the evil, and the bringing in of the good. Frederic Shields's creed is that art demands sanctification, and that purity of heart and mind are essential to the production of noble results. "The utmost for the highest," was the motto of George Frederick Watts. He looked upon his gifts as a trust from God, to be used for the common good. Murillo is spoken of as a man "with all the chords of his fine nature touched by the Holy Ghost." When some one asked him why he lingered so

long before Campana's "Descent from the Cross," he answered, "I am waiting till they bring the body of our blessed Lord down the ladder." Michael Angelo spent seventeen years on St. Peter's Cathedral, refusing all offers of pay, and merely seeking to glorify God in the achievements of his art. Fra Angelico, when preparing to paint, would enter his closet, seeking to expel every evil thought and unholy ambition, and then, with a face that shone with divine light, he would paint his angels and his seraphs. Whenever he painted the figure of the Christ it was with tearful eyes, and, kneeling, he would work on the picture as though he were at his devotions. Michael Angelo said of him, "Surely the good brother visited Paradise and was allowed to choose his models there." Men like these would quite agree with John Ruskin. Ruskin, in the first volume of "Modern Painters," says, "Art has for its business to praise God." In the last volume he adds, "Art is the expression of delight in God's work." He had no sympathy with the doctrine of his French critics, "Art for art's sake." Tennyson said, "That

is the way to hell." With this Ruskin would agree. He labors in the realm of character, and with Puritan honesty makes art serve the purposes of religion. "Art was his text, but right living was his message." He believed it to be the chief end of man to glorify God and enjoy Him forever, and he found here the purpose and meaning of both art and nature. The great artists have devoutly approached their task, substantially from Ruskin's viewpoint.

The history of art is the biography of great artists. The work finds its measure in the man. All moral good in the last analysis is personal. "God is shaping the life of man to its diviner issues through contact with great persons, who by their moral being have touched the skirts of God." Supreme Personality is the vehicle of highest good to the race. The value of any human service does not exceed the strength and resources of the human personality. We need not be surprised that back of the great productions of art we find great characters, for art at its best requires that the artist find his way to the secret of life at its best. Here

alone is the vision splendid without which great art is impossible. Here, too, many a would-be artist has failed.

The message of art is the gospel message. In visiting the great galleries of the world, one is impressed with the extent to which Bible history and Bible characters have furnished themes for the artist. Christ is the great central figure of the world's art, but other features of the Bible history and teaching have received generous recognition. Of this latter we have an excellent illustration in modern art, in our own country, in Mr. Sargent's decoration in the Boston Public Library. He represents the Prophets, arranged in four groups of four and a central group of three. His creation worthily exalts the institution of prophecy as a chief means of keeping before the world right conceptions of God until the larger revelation in Christ. I have many times sat for hours before this series, and can quite agree with Dr. Stewart that the artist has succeeded in suggesting the following: "First, the divine urgency, which is indicated by the faces uplifted to God. Second, the unwelcome character of

the work. Joel hides his face as from horror; Obadiah casts himself upon the ground in despair; Micah leans his head upon his hand as if with a sense of the utter hopelessness of his task. Third, the note of hope, marked clearly in the eager, expectant gazing of Daniel, Ezekiel, Haggai, Malachi, and Zechariah."

Second only to that occupied by the Christ is the place given in art to the Madonna. First in interest is Raphael's "Sistine Madonna" in the Dresden Gallery. It is said that when this great work was first brought to Dresden it was placed in the throne-room. The king, seeing that the throne was in the way of a proper placing of the picture, pushed the throne to one side, saying, "Make way for the immortal Raphael!" The "Sistine Madonna" is urged by the best critics to be the most beautiful picture in the world, and this despite the fact that the theme grew out of heated theological controversy. It is almost inconceivable that one should look upon this master-product of art without receiving a spiritual blessing. The memory of the two faces of Virgin and Child will live

forever to sweeten all the springs of life. "Its loveliness is sacramental, and like the loveliness of the summer dawn. One looks, and his heart is in heaven." "Its hold upon the human heart lies not more in its utter loveliness than in its imperishable suggestion of love." The eyes of the cherubs, and even of the Madonna and Son, are directed toward the Unseen, Ineffable Presence to whom the beauty ascends like incense from the altars of God. It is said to have been Raphael's idea to make the observer ask, "What are they looking at?" He is blind who can not see God behind the upward glance of matchless beauty. One seeks to turn away, only to be drawn back again by the resistless charm of

"The Mother with the Child,
Whose tender winning arts
Have to His little arms beguiled
So many wounded hearts."

-MATTHEW ARNOLD.

At last one gets away, but the vision lives,

"The impress deepening with the gathering years, Like some rich song, once heard, the soul forever hears."

Of scarcely less interest is Murillo's "Immaculate Conception," to be found in the Louvre in Paris. This famous building is said to contain more "Raphaels" than any other gallery in Europe, but I noticed that the crowd with eager, searching eyes pressed forward to

"Where Murillo paints the crescent Underneath Madonna's feet."

—J. F. WALLER.

This work doubtless attracts more attention than any other picture in the Louvre. It is regarded by art critics as one of the best products of the Spanish school and the glory of seventeenth century art. "It represents a slight, girlish figure, of the most delicate grace and beauty, soaring upward upon clouds, the moon under her feet, and around her groups of adoring and adorable cherubs. The face is luminous, the eyes drawn heavenward, the whole expression one of stainless innocence and holy rapture." In its presence there is inspired a sense of the beauty of holiness, and we are led to exclaim, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall

see God." Art places us under no necessity of adopting certain theological beliefs concerning the Virgin. The great modern lesson is found in the fact that the Madonnas are so many tributes to the purity of noble womanhood and to the beauty and dignity of motherhood.

In the Person of Christ Christian art has found its supreme task. The highest genius and the rarest talent have been devoted to this high aim. Christ is drawing the art of the world to Himself. In the portrayal of the ideal form and features of Christ we find both the greatest triumphs of art and its most manifest limitations. In every case we feel that, though the artist has made a picture that stirs men's souls, he has only in part reproduced the Christ.

The difficulties are many. The human face is itself a study of profound depth. "Every human face is a veil that partly reveals and partly conceals the soul. In its mysterious script there are hints of its hidden past—hints of triumph and disaster, of far-reaching thoughts and hopes, of fathomless depths of feeling and desire. In the

face temperament, life, character, selfhood are more or less clearly depicted. The face is the highest expression of individuality; of its essential nature; of its dominant trait, passion, or desire. It flashes out with vividness the changing lights of the inner life." Jenny Lind, when first meeting Daniel Webster, exclaimed, "I have seen a man." Thorwaldsen, the sculptor, said, in seeing Webster: "What majesty sits upon his brow! What a model for the head of Jupiter!" It is said that Leonardo da Vinci, in painting his masterpiece, "The Last Supper," found very acceptable models for all of the heads except that of Christ. None had the beauty and celestial grace to express the Divinity Incarnate. Some say he left the place of the Christ in outline, for the devout imagination to supply. Milton speaks of the "human face divine." Even this is beyond complete expression in art, and how much more the divine face human. Artists have succeeded best with the child Christ and the dead Christ. "In Raphael's 'Madonna' the ideal child charms us by the suggestion of eternal youth." "In Reubens's 'Descent from the

Cross' even death seems to pulsate with strange hints of coming victory." But the living Christ, who can paint as he ought!for "the glory of God is in the face of Jesus Christ." Artists have succeeded in bringing out vividly the perfect humanity of Jesus in all its pathos and reality. Many have failed even here in that they have depicted Him as frail in physical form and lacking in bodily beauty. Of all the artists perhaps Hoffman is clearest of this fault. But who can portray the spirit of Christ? The beauty of the suffering Savior is a spiritual beauty. We stand before the world's best art in the reproduction of the Christ and say, "O, if we could see souls as we do bodies!"

Another difficulty comes from the absence of any positive assurance as to how Christ really looked. It is claimed by some that the only authentic portrait of the Savior ever made was one cut on an emerald by Tiberius Cæsar. Of the genuineness of this claim each must be his own judge. Taintor believes that the inspiration for all likenesses of Christ goes back to an early portrait in St. Callisto's Chapel, which he thinks

to be a painting from memory by one who had seen the Christ. At all events, explain it as we may, there is a constant element in the pictures of Christ. Every artist seems to have been haunted by the same vision.

The artistic form has changed somewhat throughout the years. In the earlier period we have very largely the serial representation for decoration of single buildings. In the sixteenth century special attention is given to single subjects. In more recent times there has been a return by such artists, for example, as Tissot to the former method.

No attempt is here made to give a list that even approximates completeness. I only seek to suggest, as illustrations, some of the messages of a few of the masters, with the claim that these and many more are worthy.

Our attention is drawn to the Christ by Rembrandt's celebrated etching "Ecce Homo." Behold the pathetic figure of the mangled Christ, His eyes uplifted, His head crowned with thorns. He is standing alone amid the raging crowd and contemptuous priests. Here is the "Man of sorrows and

acquainted with grief." Who can look upon Him without a keener sense of the shame and guilt of sin, and a deeper love for the suffering Redeemer! This is the Christ as He looks forward to the cross. But Rembrandt also takes us beyond the shadow, where in the ineffable glory of the resurrection life we can see the cross only in the backward look. In that great gallery, the Louvre in Paris, is one of the choicest treasures, Rembrandt's "Supper at Emmaus." Note the traces of torture still on the blackened lips, and the great dark, gentle eyes widely opened; the bearing so impossible to describe, and the intense feeling of the face. But note also the halo of light enveloping Him in an indefinable glory; and on His face the inexplicable look of a living, breathing human being who has passed triumphantly from death unto life.

To get nearer the beginning of the gospel story, go to the great gallery in Dresden. If you are going from America, stop at New York City and look upon La Farge's "Arrival of the Magi at Bethlehem," in the Church of the Incarnation, and also visit the

Metropolitan Museum of Art. The Dresden Gallery contains Correggio's "Adoration of the Shepherds." Everything in the picture suggests rapture and joyous emotion. Much is due to the presenting of the figures in action, and still more to the remarkable use of light, making the Christ-child both center and source. The spiritual suggestion in the picture is of the highest worth. You do not wonder that the shepherds worshiped Him as Master and King.

"Art Thou, weak Babe, my very God?
O, I must love Thee then,—
Love Thee, and yearn to spread Thy love
Among forgetful men."

—FABER.

For a lesson on the humanity of the divine, study Burne-Jones's "Nativity," in that famous window in St. Philip's Church, Birmingham. In the foreground, lying on the stone floor of a rude cave, is the infant Jesus. Every other artist has made the Child the most conspicuous figure in the group, but here He is the least conspicuous. The artist shows rare discernment, putting a new

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meaning upon the life and history of Jesus. The One who was to perfume the world with the breath of the divine becomes a mere babe, born the lowliest of the lowly. Here is an artist who has gone to the limit in giving to Jesus a real humanity.

When in London, for the spirit in which to study art, tarry first in the Chapel of the Ascension, apart from the busy thoroughfares, on Bayswater Road. This chapel was designed not as a housing for services or sermon, but as a place of silent worship through the influence and spiritual suggestion of the pictures of Christ upon its walls. On one side of the entrance are the words:

"Passengers through the busy streets of London Enter this Sanctuary for Rest and Silence and Prayer,

Let the pictured walls within Speak of the Past, Yet ever Continuing Ways of God with Man."

On the other side we read:

"Is it nothing to You, all Ye that Pass by?
Come and rest awhile.
Commune with your own Hearts and be still.
Jesus Christ, the Same Yesterday, To-day and
Forever."

Shining from the timbers of the ceiling in the antechapel are the words:

"He who himself and God would know. Into the silence let him go."

Within is Frederic Shields's portrayal of Christ in many Gospel scenes. We come from this retreat conscious of new strength and light, and reassured of the abiding and guiding presence of Him who lived on earth to save and to inspire to highest endeavor.

In the National Gallery in London is Murillo's "Christ Child," in the famous group known as the "Holy Family." The face is that of a typical child, with an added touch of seriousness and a hint of premature age. Here is a suggestion of what all children were intended to be, while the lesson of the picture as a whole is that of the sanctity of human love.

For elaborate illustration of the life of Christ and His apostles, the South Kensington Museum in London affords rare opportunity. Here is a remarkable series of Raphael cartoons, setting forth many im-

portant incidents and representing Christ under great variety of circumstances.

Raphael's "Transfiguration" was his last work and was not yet finished at the time of his death. It is considered the finest art treasure in the Vatican. Here is a twofold representation: that of the transfigured Christ, and that of the demoniac child brought to Christ by the disciples. The picture teaches the glory of the transfigured life and the still greater glory in the blending of the beatific vision with the ministry of service. Still another lesson is found in the spirtual significance of the presence of Moses and Elijah. The immortal expression of the artist is that "death is not an end, but a change."

"His sun has set full orbed, and all its splendors Still enrich and warm us."

Holman Hunt was the leader of the pre-Raphael school. His masterpiece, "The Light of the World," is to be found in the Lady Chapel of Keble College in Oxford. It is easily one of the richest treasures of modern art, and as a message of a prophet of

God it has not been surpassed. He "approached his canvas with the same spirit which fills a prophet about to deliver his message." The inevitable solitariness of Jesus is made vividly impressive, and suggests the solitariness of all souls who are thrilled by a redemptive purpose. In the last analysis Jesus is made to stand alone, as the One who can illumine life's mysteries and bring light to the darkened soul.

"The Last Supper," of Leonardo da Vinci, is the chief treasure of the Milan Convent. It seeks to represent the pathos and sadness of the scene as Jesus announces, "One of you shall betray Me," and to show the effect of this utterance on the Twelve. "The consummate blending of ineffable sweetness with infinite sorrow on the face of the Divine Leader" proclaims the eternal power of His undying love.

"The Love whose smile kindles the universe, The Beauty in which all things live and move."

The picture is now faded and worn, but few if any others more amply illustrate the fact

that truth, reality, sincerity is a foremost condition of art.

One of the best pictures of the crucifixion is Munkacsy's "Christ on the Cross." The executioner is a startlingly realistic figure, whose brutal face assures us of the fact that the features are a transcript of character, habit, and association. Judas is represented as worn, haggard, and miserable, as though he were still crying, "I have shed innocent blood." The figure of Christ seeks to show the divine love in sacrifice, but the picture suggests the impossibility of adequate expression of truths so profoundly spiritual. "The Christ is a magnificent artistic triumph, but it only represents a common man dying upon the cross. Divinity can never be delineated."

Another quite acceptable representation of the crucifixion is that of Guido Reni, to be found in Rome. To an unusual degree the artist has succeeded in making the expression one of spiritual, and not of physical, anguish. One can almost hear from the parted lips the Savior's cry, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

The sculptor Donatello has a work in the Santa Croce in Florence which, as an interpretation of the crucifixion, is an approach in the right direction. In spite of the anguish the aspect is one of dignity, and Christ is made to appear not as one conquered by death, but as the Conqueror over death. "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." But when all is said it must still be granted that the genius of human art is outdistanced by this theme that carries us into the very heart of God, where "such love and sorrow meet" as surpasseth all human understanding.

By common consent the masterpiece of Rubens is "The Descent from the Cross," now to be found in the Antwerp Cathedral. As one looks, the eye is irresistibly drawn to Christ.

"His vissage so marred, more than any man, And His form more than the sons of men."

In the Sistine Chapel is Angelo's "Last Judgment." As a work of art it is tremen-

dous, but it is a scene sublime and awful, never to be forgotten. Here is "Christ as Judge, rising from His throne in threatening wrath, and forming His lips for the awful doom of the wicked, 'Depart from Me, ye cursed.'" One can not but feel that it represents the interpretation of minds like Dante and Savonarola, rather than the spirit of Christ, leaving out, as it does, every suggestion of sympathy, tenderness, and sorrow, and giving no glimpse of the future of the blessed. Perhaps it is noteworthy, principally, not as the interpretation of a master.

From the Cross and the Judgment we are quite willing to return to Rembrandt's Resurrection scene, and to see beyond our tears the vision of George Frederick Watts.

"Exult, my soul! Cast off thy gloom!

The balm and bloom of Easter saith

That Christ is victor o'er the tomb

And Love is mightier than death."

Watts, following out this thought, has given us a picture of Love and Death, interpreting

death, in the light of the resurrection, as the approach to glorious and unending day.

Thus has art become an evangel, and is consecrated to Christ. It is an expression and teacher of Christian truth. It is in the service of the Divine Spirit, bearing His message to the hearts of men. "It preaches from the frescoes of convent and chapel, from the glowing canvas and the breathing-stone, from bronze gate and marble Campanile, from lofty spire and swelling dome. preaches the story of Bethlehem from the canvas of Correggio; it preaches of the Holy Child and of the Transfiguration from the easel of Raphael; it preaches of the Last Supper from the brush of Leonardo; it preaches of the Crucifixion from the pictures of Guido Reni, Albert Durer and Munkacsy; it preaches of the Resurrection and the Final Judgment from the magnificent frescoes of Michael Angelo. Poetry, music, and art have all contributed beautiful expression to the teachings of divine truth. What David sings in the Psalms, Solomon builds in the temple; what Dante expresses in a great poem, Angelo expresses in a great fresco; what Ra-

phael sets forth in a glorious painting, Handel sets forth in a glorious oratorio; what Milton celebrates in a sublime epic, Sir Christopher Wren immortalizes in a grand cathedral. And the supreme homage of what is beautiful in them all is paid to Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Son of man."

"Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days, Pavillioned in splender, and girded with praise."

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# Music and the Religious Life

"Praise ye the Lord.

Praise God in the sanctuary;

Praise Him in the firmament of His power;

Praise Him for His mighty acts;

Praise Him according to His excellent greatness;

Praise Him with the sound of the trumpet;

Praise Him with the psaltry and harp.

Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.

Praise ye the Lord."—PSALM 150.

"The Lord is my strength and my shield; my heart trusted in Him, and I am helped: therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth; and with my song will I praise Him."—PSALM 28:7.

Is Music a diversion, an amusement, a graceful accomplishment for women, a pleasing member of the family of Fine Arts? It may be all of these, and more. How much more? Is it essential in man? Is it fundamental in God? Does it involve and express truth from God vital to man?

The mighty Shakespeare has said,

"The man that hath no music in his soul,
And is moved not by concord of sweet sounds;
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

True! for music is in the universe, in man, and in God by the very nature of things. "The man that hath no music in his soul" has fallen out with the divine order through the discord of sin. Such an one is fit for just such things as spring naturally out of the corrupted source of an evil nature, not in tune with the Infinite.

The universe is set to the rhythmical 127

music of God. "The cosmos is musical through and through, and the modern Occidental scale in its main components is suggested in nature." It is claimed that there is a point in space where all the discordant noises of earth meet in a musical note. If you play a violin, though it be ever so softly, beside a glass covered with sand, the grains of sand will be shaped into regular figures, organized to music. Just as the song of human life is determined by its dominant note, the purpose that organizes and directs it, so everything in nature has its keynote. Balzac declared, "I say that music is an art woven from the very bowels of nature."

"Music is in all growing things;
And underneath the silky wings
Of smallest insects there is stirred
A pulse of air that must be heard;
Earth's silence lives and throbs and sings."

Bushnell was right: "Every thing that the sun shines upon, sings, or can be made to sing, and can be heard to sing." Even the echoes that reverberate through the hills declare the earth a great instrument of music.

"Everything in nature seems keyed to take its place in the cosmic symphony." The sway of the spirit of music is universal. Carlyle said, "All inmost things are melodious; naturally utter themselves in song. meaning of song goes deep. . . . All deep things are song. It seems somehow the very central essence of us, song; as if all the rest were but wrappages and hulls! The primal element of us; and of all things. . . . See deep enough, and you see musically; the heart of nature being everywhere music, if you can only reach it." Carlyle would quite agree with Beethoven that "music is the inner essential nature of all that is." Or with Edwards, that "music is a symbol foreshadowing the final consonance of all things, material and spiritual. It is a breaking into sound of the fundamental rhythm of universal being." It is the universal ethical harmony of a moral world.

"He who with bold and skillful hand sweeps o'er
The organ keys of some cathedral pile,
Flooding with music vault and nave and aisle,
While on his ear falls but a thunderous roar—

In the composer's lofty motive free,

Knows well that all that temple vast and dim
Thrills to its base with anthem, psalm, or hymn,
True to the changeless laws of harmony.
So he who on the changing chords of life
With firm, sweet touch plays the great Master's
score

Of Truth and Love and Duty, evermore, Knows, too, that far beyond this roar and strife, Though he may never hear, in the true time These notes must all accord in symphonies sublime."

Man is made on God's musical plan. We find music in the inorganic world, in all the physical creation, and in the lower animal life; but man shows special adaptation and capacity for music. In him it becomes intellectual and purposed. And yet a rhythmical universe and a musical humanity respond to the same law and speed the will of the one only Law-giver. "The same laws of vibrant sound govern the notes of the human voice and the thunders of Niagara. The ascending series of overtones is said to be found at the same intervals in the cataract's awful music as in the softest accents of a child or of a prima donna." But this

unity of God's musical creation is the unity of an ascending scale, in which man stands at the head.

"From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began;
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man."

"The music of the world is human. No birdsong so wonderful as the human voice; no
babble of a brook so musical as the ripple
of innocent laughter in a happy home; no
solemn chant of winds so grand as the psalm
rolled into the sky by worshiping assemblies.
To stand by the ocean and hear the beat of
its stupendous pulse is to take the sound of
a shallower deep and a narrower sea than
when you lay your ear against the throbbing
of a human heart."

"Man is by nature musical. The gift of song is primeval. By divine fiat he is a singing animal. Men have from the beginning loved music. There is a Lamech singing in the early dawn of the history of every people, and a Jubal fashioning harps and pipes."

As men and religion have progressed, music has become more and not less. It has assumed loftier expression and more perfect form. It has not become less universal, but has grown in favor and in power. "The Jewish Church seized upon this natural aptitude and made use of it in the temple service, in every synagogue, and in every Jewish home. On the night on which Jesus was betrayed He and His disciples, true to the traditions of their nation, sang psalms. Our Lord went into the shadows of Gethsemane singing. What the Jewish Church did well the Christian Church has done still better. It was never known how much music lies in the human soul till the angels sang their song of peace and good-will, and Jesus mellowed the hearts of men by His heavenly message. Music as we know it may be said to be the daughter of the Christian Church. By liberating the heart Christianity made a new development of music inevitable." whether in the most primitive or fully developed form, the fact is ever apparent that man is by nature musical, and becomes more so with the tide of human progress.

The universe and man, musical in the very constitution and nature of things, are a witness to and a revelation of God. The universal provision for music, in nature and man, suggests a music-loving Creator. If God is creator of things as they are essentially, then He is Master Musician, and the indications of His tonal thought and feeling, which everywhere abound, intimate that music is not an accident of creation, but fundamental in the Creative Mind. Who and what does music suggest God to be? Music tells, in tones clear and winning, of the God of melody and harmony.

"A Spirit sways the music,
A hand is on the chords.
O, bow thy head and listen—
That hand, it is the Lord's."

Music proclaims a God of law. We speak of law in nature and life as involving Intelligent Will and a Supreme Law-giver. But nowhere does law rule with greater strictness than in music. Without unity and law, music becomes at once impossible. Manifold correlations and evident design suggest a Divine

Mind of Infinite Intelligence. "The history of music is a history of design." "The adjustments of nature to provide for music and its enjoyment, give cumulative evidence of the purposive activity of a scientific, æsthetic, and generous Being at the causal fountain-head." God by His essential nature must plan for His creature's enjoyment and well-being. We may take the ear as an example. How marvelous this bit of mechanism, delicate in structure, and perfectly adapted to bring together a musical universe, a world of music, and a musical soul. A mere infant can perceive and judge of musical sounds, although the process is so profound that it can only be solved by logarithms. Music has been called "the beautifier of time," and what is the æsthetic if it be not a revelation of the ideal beauty of the holy nature of God? The God of music is the God of melody and harmony, the God of unity and law, the God of intellect, of taste, and of the ideal of beauty, the God of power over the spiritual nature, the God of goodness and of truth. These things at least must pertain to the nature of the God, to whom

music bears testimony. When placed beside the larger revelation this witness is seen to possess great value, and so far as it goes it stands without need of correction.

> "There is no truer truth obtained by man Than comes by music."

Music is a foremost medium of communication between the divine and the human. Through it God and men get together. Through it God speaks.

"If God speaks anywhere, in any voice,
To us His creatures, surely here and now
We hear Him, while the great chords seem to bow
Our heads, and all the symphony's breathless noise
Breaks over us, with challenge to our souls!
Beethoven's music! From the mountain peaks
The strong, divine, compelling thunder rolls;
And, 'Come up higher!' the words it speaks,
'Out of your darkened valleys of despair;
Behold, I lift you up on mighty wings
Into Hope's living, reconciling air!'"

Even in that divinest revelation, the Book of books, God chose to speak in song. It may be doubted if any other portion of the Book is so generally loved and accepted, and this largely because of the charm and power of

its musical expression. The Psalms was the Hebrew hymn-book. The word in the Hebrew language meant "Praises," or "Songs of Praise." Our word "Psalms" was given to the book by those who spoke Greek, and means "songs set to music." The name Psalter is taken almost without change from the Greek word for a stringed instrument. "With the music of the Psalms the shepherds and ploughman cheered their toil in ancient Palestine; and to the same music the Gallic boatmen kept time as they rowed their barges against the swift current of the Rhone. A psalm supplied the daily grace with which the early Christians blessed their food; and the same psalm was repeated by the communicants as they went to the Lord's table." Psalm 24 was a marching chorus, the choral song of a multitude. We stand upon the hills that guard Jerusalem as now out of the wilderness the long triumphal procession passes by with joy and singing, conveying the Ark of the Covenant to its victorious resting-place in the city of David. Several of the Psalms represent life as a pilgrimage, made glad by songs of home. "Thy statutes have been my

song in the house of my pilgrimage." Even the law of God is itself set to music, as if God and His law were the music of life. And why not? For the foundations of God's universe were laid "amid the glad chanting of the morning stars, its walls arose with song of angelic rejoicing, and its final glories shall be revealed when Law and Love sing together the song of Moses and the Lamb, with the voice of a great multitude, the voice of many waters, and the voice of mighty thunderings." Meanwhile along the dusty pathway of life God speaks to those

"Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily task with busier feet
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat."

Through music man speaks of God and to God. Our thought of God is penetrated and transfigured by song. It is "translated into speech, higher than the speech of common day, full of the mystic passion that seeks the eternal." This, however, can not be said of a type of songs that voice the language of sensuous sentiment and sickly amorous de-

wotion. These represent the æstheticism of man, rather than the majesty of God, that ought to inspire our worship. We need, too, to avoid cheap and sensational music. Like sensational preaching, it gains immediate results, if any, at the expense of the future. Keep the standard high. Be not afraid of a tune because it is old, for the old great things have a peculiar charm. Stand not aloof from any tune because it is new. "Sing unto the Lord a new-made song."

Fully as important as the expression of our thought of God is the expression of our thought and feeling to God. Music gives to the dumb spirit speech fit for the presence of God. There is necessity in the religious life for self-utterance. The unusual fitness of music for this purpose soon became apparent, and it was early adopted as an expressional aid to worship. "Music is rhythmical sound used as a means of expression." Though it is rhythmic sound, it is more. It is the "expression of spiritual experiences." It is the "very soul of motion, and immanent in all right feeling, thought, and action. Melody is more than a

mere alternation of tone. It is a kind of language by means of which the soul's deepest emotions seek expression. One of the most vital of these emotions is that of gratitude and love to God, of which praise is the musical expression. As a common and effective medium of expression, music is "the elect art of religion." "It speaks of God, from God, for God, and to God."

Music is a sort of universal language. The musician interprets nature, human life, the deep things of the soul, and the revelations of God in universal speech. Every heart can understand it, for every man is by nature disposed to music sentimentally, even though organically he may be incapable of a tune. There is a language here which is universal because it is the soul-language. "Music hath charms and throws her spell over all mankind. We sit and listen to the oratorio or the symphony, the violinist or the singer, and a flow of feeling comes rushing over us, memories of scenes and faces crowd upon us, we are living in the past, the years have thrown a halo over our childhood and youth, and we live them again in

golden dreams. Or we are projected into the future. We look upon that which might be; the years expand before us; we walk as in marble halls, amid fragrant odors, and past cooling fountains. We forget the present, the daily toils and cares, the disappointments, the circumscribed outlooks. For at that moment the voice of the Eternal is speaking and we are lost in the Great Soul of which we are a part and which forever calls us. Music speaks its universal language and makes the deepest depths of man's being responsive. We listen, and exclaim, 'How hear we every man in our own tongue in which we were born?''

Music, as a means of expression, must have something worthy of expressing. Unbelief and infidelity neither produce nor appreciate great music. It is essentially religious in character. The history of religion and of music have developed together. Unbelief is the anarchy of the soul. And "anarchy sings no songs, and keeps no step with the divine purpose. Lawlessness has no organizing power. Somewhere its waves break helplessly against the granite cliffs of the

eternal laws of God." Music glorifies the obedience of faith and is a witness to a right-eous King and a moral government of the world.

No pagan religion has ever given us great music, for the very sufficient reason that pagan religions can not. Even the nations of great culture have failed. The Greeks were naturally a musical people, but their music was principally in the minor mode, contemplating, as many believe, melody only, and knowing nothing of the laws of symphonetic harmony. The famous odes of the Romans were accompanied only by a kind of a recitative. Music requires that we know God, its Author.

"He only sees who is happy in the seeing, He only hears in the gladness of belief."

The Hebrews made the first pronounced approach to real and great music, made possible by the character of their religion. With the inspiration of a nobler and more animating worship, they had their psaltry, harp, cymbal, flute, timbril, trumpet, and shawn, gathered singing men and women around

their court, and carefully maintained their schools of musicians, with multitudes of ministers for the service of song. Their foremost achievement was their Psalms, which were praise-hymns to be given with instrumental accompaniment.

Christianity affords both the theme and the impulse necessary to great music. other sources furnish such subject and sentiment for music as does the Christian religion, with its love, its service, its sacrifice, and its Christ. Music is the child of Christianity. "To be sure, they sang and had music among people who lived before Christ came, and never knew that He would come. But that music lacked its theme, lacked its spiritual quality, lacked its inspiration. It is historically true that the whole art of modern music is a product of the Christian experiences of men. It is Christ that inspired it; it is He who spoke to and through the great souls of Handel and Bach and Beethoven and Mozart. It is not only historically true that devotion to Him stirred the genius of the masters and gave rise to this wonderful growth, but, smiting on the chords of men's

souls, and inspiring them with the deathless motive of love, standing before their loving gaze and giving them a perfect theme and a perfect ideal, He has wrought out through the souls of men the richest and noblest in the music that helps us, from the sublime oratorio of the Messiah to the sweet, simple hymns of the sanctuary."

Music requires deep feeling, such as has never been supplied outside of Christianity. Sorrow of repentance, conscious salvation, love, exultant joy, and profound gratitude are well-springs of feeling. The doctrine of repentance must live in the hearts of men before we can have a "Miserere." The exultant hope of Christianity must become a fact of life before the soul can give expression to a "Gloria." Heaven must be in the soul before a Handel, exclaiming, "I did think I did see all heaven before me, and the great God Himself," can give us the Hallelujah and Amen Choruses of the "Messiah."

Christianity is the religion of song. It thrust itself upon the world with the anthem of the skies, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, to men good will." From

the joy of the Lord in the hearts of men Christ has created a world of song. "The heart-songs of the world are born of the great hopes of the gospel." The tension of life bursting into noonday splendor put music to its severest test as an elastic art. Christianity must have new modes of tuneful utterance, capable of rising to the expression of a soul-quickening so great that it amounted to an overwhelming passion. Rich and lofty spiritual joy in the worship of God soon called for antiphonal chants in unison, with appropriate music for the Trisagion or seraphical hymn. With the use of the laws of harmony, various instruments were added, until at last the organ found its place of prominence in divine worship. In the effort to express so great a fullness of meaning and so great a depth of feeling and experience in religion, music became ever richer and grander in anthem, mass, and mighty oratorio, in the passionate wail of the "Miserere" and the exultant chords of the "Jubilate," in the "Gloria in Excelsis" and the "Te Deum," in the great common liturgies and the immortal hymns of the Church.

The great masters and writers of song have regarded their work as a duty and service to religion. In most instances it was a duty of privilege and a service of joy. The great composer Haydn, when asked why his Church music was always so full of gladness, replied, "I can not make it otherwise. I write according to the thoughts I feel; when I think upon my God, my heart is so full of joy that the notes dance and leap from my pen; and since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will be pardoned me that I serve Him with a cheerful spirit." So, too, in singing and the rendering of music it is not enough to please. Real worth is rooted in Christian experience and religious appreciation, and is at the impulse of love, in the joy of service. Music must be from the heart. At a service in the north of Scotland, where about two thousand five hundred people joined in the singing of psalms, Mr. Moody said: "I never heard the Twenty-third Psalm sung so well, and I wonder how many sang it from the heart. I should like to have all who can sing it from the heart rise and sing it again." About fifty people arose, and Moody

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said he never heard it sung so poorly. It is one thing to sing, "The Lord is my Shepherd," and it is another thing to believe it and enjoy the conscious experience of His leading.

The musician who carries us out of the reach of care into the realms where the air we breathe is love is a messenger of the Most High and a revealer to us of the nature of God. Through music help may come in relief to the body and quiet to the nerves. Musico-therapy has shown itself of value in many experiments. Tennyson speaks of

"Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies."

### Henry Van Dyke says of music:

"Thou art the Angel of the pool that sleeps, While peace and joy lie hidden in its deeps, Waiting thy touch to make the waters roll In healing murmurs round the weary soul."

How often has comfort to the sad and the weary-hearted been wafted home on the wings of song! Mendelssohn once invited to his home Madame Ertmann, who was in deep

sorrow over the loss of a child. Seated at the piano, he gently said, "Let us speak to each other by music." The woman was touched with the music's tender message and healing ministry, and declared, "He said much to me, and at last gave me consolation." It is just as Longfellow has said:

"And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

Music is fundamentally altruistic, "and has been called the altruistic art."

"Music, sister of sunrise and herald of life to be, Smiled as dawn on the spirit of man, and the thrall was free."—Swinburne.

Jenny Lind, singing for a hospital benefit, is thrilled with the possibilities for doing good, and exclaims, "Is it not beautiful that I can sing so!" Mr. Tomlins, of Chicago, has done a great musical work among poor boys and girls. He has had opportunity to watch the influence in the development of gentleness, thoughtfulness, modesty, and the finer quali-

ties of life. Later he said to these young people, whose lives had been ennobled by music, "God has given you voices, and taught you to use them; why not sing to help your neighbors?" And surely, why not? For music is not only altruistic, but it is the social art, democratic and communistic in its nature.

It is this fact very largely that gives value and prominence to the musicale. To the man and to the woman who have cultivated their tastes to appreciate and enjoy its mellowing effect there are few things in the world so elevating and full of enjoyment as music. It will uplift them from the most sordid cares of life and make the deserts of the mind to blossom with luxuriant fragrance and beauty. "The golden tinted hopes and rosy aspirations of one's youth come back with the sound of a long-forgotten melody." Let us urge the musicale, the lyceum, the Chautauqua, the concert, and any form of entertainment and uplift which has music for at least one of its main attractions. These are true benefactions. They are among the greatest moral and mental educators of society.

In every home there should be the cher-

ished musical instrument. It may mean plain living to some, at least for a while, but it will mean high thinking and holy raptures of exultant feeling. There will be moments of idle dreaming, but there will be also moments of mighty inspiration. If only one chord divine enter the soul of her who sits at the organ, or of him who listens enraptured in delight, the compensation is not small.

- "Seated one day at the organ,
  I was weary and ill at ease,
  And my fingers wandered idly
  Over the noisy keys.
- "I do not know what I was playing
  Or what I was dreaming then;
  But I struck one chord of music
  Like the sound of a great Amen.
- "It flooded the crimson twilight
  Like the close of an angel's psalm,
  And it lay on my fevered spirit
  With a touch of infinite calm.
- "It quieted pain and sorrow
  Like love overcoming strife;
  It seemed the harmonious echo
  From our discordant life.

"It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loath to cease.

"I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine
That came from the soul of the organ
And entered into mine.

"It may be that death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again;
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen."
—ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

In dealing with youth, music is opportunity. Here is an influence, possible even in the earliest infancy. Much education is of necessity long delayed. Possibly this is the reason why Plato, in his "Ideal Republic," makes education begin with music, in which term, however, he includes literature. His program was, music for the soul, and gymnastics for the body—but the soul first. And really this is not so bad, nor have we greatly improved upon it. Music shapes the emotions, fancies, and ideals; all of which needs

to be done at the earliest possible moment. Harmony as it expresses itself in sound is vitally related to the highest there is in us.

The power of music is past all calculation. Fletcher, of Saltoun, said, "Let me make the songs of a people, and I care not who makes their laws." One can not know and feel the meaning of a land or country without knowing their songs. Much of the earliest history is preserved to us in the measures of lyric poetry and song. Music fixes in the memory the sentiment and truth desired. So, likewise, music keeps alive and develops the spiritual sensibilities of a people. It is

"The cry of the Ideal, cry
To aspirations that would die."

The great progressive movements of the Church bear testimony to the power of music. The Church has been singing its way to victory ever since the Day of Pentecost. The Church of the first century is pictured by Pliny as singing. The Lollards filled all England with their hymns. Luther understood this singular power of music, and his own great hymn became the "Marsellaise of the

Reformation." Frederick the Great said, "It is God Almighty's Grenadier March."

"A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing:
Our Helper He, amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing."

The Romanist said, "The whole people is singing itself into the Lutheran doctrine." Wesley's hymns were a powerful factor in the Methodist Evangel. "When bloodthirsty crowds could not be quelled by John Wesley's coal-black eye, nor by Whitefield's imperial voice, they were often known to turn and slink away when the truth was sung at them in Charles Wesley's hymns." Charles Wesley was the hymnist of the Methodist movement. Every doctrine, every phase of its religious experience, and almost every turn in its history was incarnated in his verse. Missionary and revival endeavor always utilize music as a main factor in their work. From the days of the earliest evangelism to the most recent revival it is ever true that where the Spirit of God moves mightily, the people burst into song. In re-

vival effort there is an unfortunate tendency toward easy and catchy music that merely plays on the surface of religious sentimentality. This class of music does not produce the best results, if we consider the underlying purpose of evangelistic meetings to be the genuine conviction that changes the current of the life, and not merely the exciting of superficial religious emotions.

The appeal of music is very largely to the The emotions of the soul respond emotions. to music. "Music is the language of the heart. Song is the natural speech of the emotions. When the heart is stirred, it sings. By singing it stirs itself still more deeply. Music not only expresses but itensifies the feelings. The mood which a song expresses is strengthened and perpetuated by the singing of the song. No man sings to himself. He communicates his mood to those who hear him. When men and women sing together, they impart to one another the sentiment of that which they sing, and thus community of feeling is established and spirits are brought into beautiful accord. If by prayer the human heart is awed and elevated, then by

song the human heart is socialized and broadened. Music expands the sympathies and feeds the social nature. Self-centeredness and exclusiveness melt down under the reign of melody. Touched by the spell of harmonious tones, minds and hearts flow together and a congregation becomes one soul. In music there is something heavenly, before which earthly moods and worldly tempers inevitably give way. The basest man feels less sordid after he has been immersed in a fountain of song. The streams of tone wipe out dividing lines, efface the springs of bitterness, wear away estranging walls, and can be made to bring a whole congregation out into a large and wealthy place. Music rightly used does the very work which the preacher wants accomplished. It develops the sense of fellowship and builds up the brotherhood." Such results are possible largely because of the nature and responsiveness of the emotional life. The utility and value of music to religion lies principally in the sphere of the emotions. Music has a function as a means of impressing truth upon the mind and thought, but its larger service is in reach-

ing and profoundly stirring the fountains of feeling. "There is in souls a sympathy with sounds." "Music is beauty put into sounds that touch the emotions more deeply than any other form of art." Its ministry is more varied and is rendered to more people. Then why not

"Read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The music of thy voice."

There is a strong emotional effect in the use of rhythm and melody. For example, in such methods as those of the Salvation Army the catchy, swinging songs are an indispensable means of eliciting the desired ecstatic condition. Also through the power of auto-suggestion the expectation of the state is strongly influential.

"Music can noble hints impart,
Engender fury, kindle love,
With unsuspected eloquence can move
And manage all the man with secret art."
—Addison.

The effect upon us of musical movement is well described by Herder. "The passionate part of our nature rises and falls, it throbs or glides softly. Now it sweeps us along, now holds us back; it is now weak, now strong; its own movement, its step, as it were, varies with every modulation, with every strong accent, and vanishes as the tone varies. Music strikes a chord in our innermost nature."

"O strange, sweet power,
Ineffable! O gracious influence!
I know not whence thou art; but this I know:
Thou holdest in thy hand the silver key
That can unlock the secret fount of tears,
Which, falling, make life green, the hidden spring
Of purer fancies and high sympathies."

In the last analysis the power of music is spiritual. The manner of its working makes large use of the emotional, but back of all it is a spiritual dynamic, influencing supremely the spiritual side of human nature. Its dealing, in the discharge of its chief mission, is with men's souls. It is fertile in spiritual results for the reason that it is a spiritual

cause. Carlyle said: "Who is there that in logical words can express the effect of music on us? A kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the Infinite, and lets us for moments gaze into that?" Who can fail to sense the divine presence in the singing of Heber's hymn?

"Holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!

Early in the morning our song shall rise to

Thee;

Holy, holy, merciful and mighty, God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity.

"Holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;

Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,

Which wert, and art, and evermore shall be."

Who can refuse to be led to "the edge of the Infinite" by the assuring lines of William Cowper?

"Jesus, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy seat;
Where'er they seek Thee Thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

"Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes."

Who can gaze upon the Infinite without the assurance of faith, as he sings with Philip Doddridge his confiding trust?

"How gentle God's commands!

How kind His precepts are!

Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,

And trust His constant care.

"Beneath His watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up
Shall guard His children well."

Who can meditate upon Bernard's cheering thought without a deepening devotion?

"Jesus, the very thought of Thee With sweetness fills the breast; But sweeter far Thy face to see And in Thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Savior of mankind!"

Who can fail to appreciate the spiritual vision of the blind Fanny Crosby?

"O, the soul-thrilling rapture, When I view His blessed face!"

Who would not feel devout and thankful in the sharing of Toplady's confidence that over against human helplessness are the divine resources?

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

"Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling."

Who does not feel Jesus near amid the stress and storms of life as he sings the gospel of Charles Wesley?

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

"Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity."

Who can sing from the heart Charlotte Elliott's hymn and not know God in the forgiveness of sin?

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!"

Who would attempt to set a bound to the spiritual power of such a soul-stirring hymn as that of Isaac Watts?

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His Kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more."

Full as good is his great Christmas hymn, "Joy to the world," that closes with the lofty strain:

"He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness
And wonders of His love."

Who does not grow strong in the battle with sin as he enters into the spirit of Faber's mighty truth?

"Right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin."

Who can even listen to the great swinging lines of Julia Ward Howe without seeing the vision splendid in the triumphs of our Christ?

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord."

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Who is not strengthened and impelled forward by Duffield's great hymn, inspired by the dying words of Dudley Tyng, "Tell them to stand up for Jesus?"

"Stand up, stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed."

Music is a spiritual power that lives on through the years in the continuance of its work. The singer may forget and be forgotten, but the song lives.

"I shot an arrow into the air;
It fell to the earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

"I breathed a song into the air;
It fell to the earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?

"Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend."
—Longfellow.

May we not venture to believe that music shall live through the eternal years? If essential in man, fundamental in God, and persistent in endurance, what wonder that it is adapted to the thought of immortality? It has been called the heavenly art. As we have listened to some great master it has seemed to us like heaven to the heart. Browning speaks of it as

"Music, which is earnest of a heaven, Seeing we know emotions strange by it, Not else to be revealed."

Gounod has said, "It gives a foretaste of the immateriality of the future life." The heavenly life is by its very nature the expression of spiritual harmonies. It is suggested that music will be a chief means of intercourse in heaven. Some one has asked, "Lord, what music hast Thou provided for the saints in heaven, when Thou affordest

bad men such music of earth?" Faber answers,

"But I guess by the stir of this music
What raptures in heaven can be,
Where the sound is the marvelous stillness,
And the music is light out of Thee."

Here blinding tears temper our song. But "amid the graves that gape to swallow up our loves we rejoice in that undying love which shall knit all raveled friendships up and make whole the rents of time." In the joy and light of His presence, beside the crystal sea, before the throne of the Eternal, there will be perfect music.

"O day for which Creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy for all the former woes
A thousand-fold repaid!"

Methinks on that day of days we'll gather about the throne and sing "Coronation." Perchance we are only in training here that one day we may blend our voices in the perfect music of the skies. Listen! the mighty symphonies, the great celestial chorus, doing

homage unto Him, who has "seen of the travail of His soul, and is satisfied." Hear them sing:

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!

Let angels prostrate fall;

Bring forth the royal diadem

And crown Him Lord of all."

Here are the Jews, who have seen at last, in the suffering and crucified Jesus, Israel's Messiah. Hear their great swelling anthem of solemn praise as, bowing before the King of kings and Lord of lords, they cry,

"Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all."

All about the throne is the vast Gentile multitude. They have come up out of great tribulation, their garments white, washed in the blood of the Lamb. Their name is Legion, and methinks I hear them sing with one accord until all heaven echoes with the joyful sound:

"Sinners whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all."

But here there is "every kindred, every tribe," and yet one people, for "God hath made of one blood all the nations of the earth." "There is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free; but Christ is all and in all." Methinks the great Head of the Church is jubilant in the answer to His prayer that "they all may be one." And the united, harmonious, heavenly music is everywhere, rising in incense of praise from a multitude whom no man can number.

"Now as with this the sacred throng,
We at His feet do fall,
We join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all."

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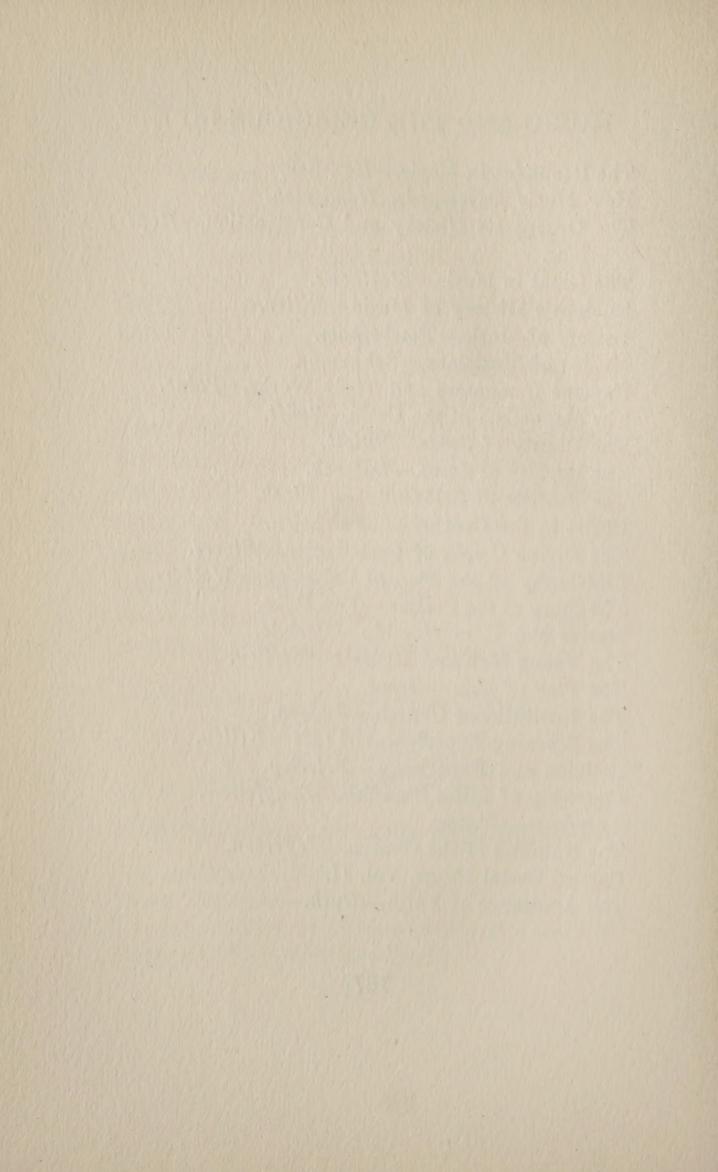
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## The Religious Element in Literature

"Give attendance to reading." 1 Timothy 4:13.

"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." Philippians 4:8.

# THE RELIGIOUS ELEMENT IN LITERATURE

"Books written when the soul is at springtide, When it is laden like a groaning sky Before a thunderstorm. They are power and gladness,

And majesty, and beauty. They seize the reader As tempests seize a ship, and bear him on With a wild joy. Some books are drenched sands On which a great soul's wealth lies all in heaps Like a wrecked argosy's. What power in books! They mingle gloom and splendor as I 've oft In thunderous sunsets seen the thunder-piles Seamed with dull fire, and fiercest glory-rents. They awe me to my knees as if I stood In presence of a king. They give me tears."

Reading, whether good or bad, is a potent factor in character-building. The springs of thought are the fountains of life. Reading is a main source of thought, and thought is the mainspring to action. To translate great literature back into life is the only way to read it.

God is a living Voice, and literature is one of the channels through which He speaks His message of to-day. As a revelation it is quite inadequate, but it is ofttimes truth, in a form that provokes thought and stirs the soul. Literature is permeated by the Gospel, to which it is largely indebted, both as a direct source and as a fountain of inspiration and of ideals in the experience and vision of its writers. Not only is there a religious element in litrature, but to that element much literature owes its existence and the genius that makes it great.

The poets never soar so high as when they utter the notes of faith. Poetry leaps from the soul's heights of aspiration and depths of feeling. The highest and truest accuracy of impression, of history, and of truth are often attained, not by the word-grubbing scholar, nor by the expert in logic or science, but by the poet. "Truth is not formal, but vital, and if the poet's version be not exact in detail, it may be true in spirit. Fact may be correctly stated in the fullest detail, and yet be false. The seer and the poet are needed to interpret life; for they

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get to the heart of an incident when others are only fumbling at the fringe. The highest truths are not reached by analysis, and the deepest appeal is not made to logic. The life and meaning and flavor and vital breath elude prosaic methods." We are compelled to fall back upon the imagination and its products; namely, the creative arts: painting, music, and poetry.

The poet is prophet; he is seer in the field of literature. Bishop Quayle in his own inimitable way has put it well: "The poet sees. The poet sees the stars and the flush on cheek of woman or of cloud, and the dim violet and Indian summer and hooting owl, though he hides in shadows, and the cornfields, and the marshes by the sea, and the 'flower in the crannied wall,' and the dishevelment of the old ocean, and the pomp of autumn, and the needs of men and their hungers and their thirsts, and their trials and their bitterness, and their upleaps and their downfalls—sees men and things, and fates and futures. Know you anything the poets have not seen? Goethe saw, though he knew not that he saw it, that sin was its

own Nemesis. That is 'Faust.' Tennyson saw that environment as the explanatory clause of life was frivolous, and wrote the 'Idylls of the King.' Wordsworth saw the hills and Rydal Water, and learned the wonder of them by heart; and some of us have loved him for the thing he did, and shall love him all our days. In a vile age Edmund Spencer saw that virtue alone was beautiful, and wrote 'The Faerie Queene,' than which no sweeter proclamation has ever been made of the white beauty of truth and goodness save by Jesus only. One of the elect spirits of the world, who had kept his life white, a devotee of duty, who had been in elbow touch with England's greatest ruler, Oliver Cromwell, who, when he saw the Puritan defeated, not by arms—the cavalier could not do that but for the insane hunger for a king, when his blindness made his life a starless night, yet not so dark he could not see great Cromwell exhumed and hung on high for villainy to laugh at, when himself thought each step coming to his impoverished door was an officer's step which meant his arrest, then he gloomed his great soul in the tragedy of

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'Paradise Lost.' He housed all the Puritan failure in that gloomy, glorious house, but came to his larger self once more and strove to write 'Paradise Regained,' which should in reason have blazed in glory, but did not. He could not so rise from eclipse. Those poems are the story of a great spirit in eclipse, struggling yet to trample the darkness down and stumble into light. Chaucer is a man who sees and enjoys his world, and in him is a lusty love of life much worthier than the feminine view of life sometimes afforded us. Bryant is the poet of outdoors; and we are outdoor folk. Longfellow is the poet of indoors and twilights and the lighting of the lamp; and there are indoor folk to whom ministers must minister. Poe is a poet of intoxicants, and lives in a weird world, which we must look full in the face as men. Whittier is the man in love with goodness, and at one with God, and sure of the eternal boundaries of the homeland of the soul. Lowell is the scholar breaking into life. Burns is a man blurting out his weaknesses and woes, and, like a selfishness he was, bringing himself uppermost at every

breath, and yet a man whose words had birdsong in them; and songs of birds are worth more than gold to a roomy life. Dante was sure of retribution, unless pardon stepped in for a soul's release. Sophocles is crushed with a sense of something outside ourselves which makes our lives. But enough is said to justify my words, 'The poet sees.' Having eyes, he uses them, which is quite the reverse of most men and women. Among them, they have missed nothing. They have hit all the keys having music in them. They have gone wherever life has gone, or nature, or God. Poets have been or seen or experienced the round of life. To be with such sightseers is to fill the soul with windows open on every street the wide world has."

Modern literature is the herald of a new prophetism. Originally the priest was not only the intercessor, but also the teacher. Then there came an era of marked degeneracy in the time of the Judges. To meet the need of the hour God sent His prophets. In later times the theologian and the ecclesiastic became wedded to the formal creed and balanced statement, while the spirit was

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left to wither and die. As the exponent of vital truth, throbbing with the energetic pulse-beat of life, God gave to the world the "new prophetism in modern literature." Today the higher truths of theology and the transcendental philosophies which touch the very core of religion are illuminated in poetry and stately verse. While the issues between Christianity and infidelity, and, indeed, the debatable phases of Christianity itself, are transferred to fiction. The very people who cry out against doctrinal subjects in the pulpit are devouring with enthusiasm Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "Robert Elsmere" and George MacDonald's "David Elginbrod" and "Robert Falconer." Behold yonder at Weimar a statue of Goethe and Schiller. Goethe stands with his arm extended as though to command the world. Schiller, who, as a critc said, always ended among the stars, has his eyes lifted up to heaven. "This statue may be taken as a symbol in bronze of the twofold position of the new prophet-It contemplates the subordination of the world to the spiritual ideals of the gospel, and it is searching in the heights of the

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unseen universe for fresh disclosures of the infinite mystery. Thus it has a hand toward the earth and eyes toward heaven, and is in reality promoting the union of the human with the divine."

Is the new prophet and modern literature inspired? In so far as it is true and truly great, yes; in the sense in which all human products in word or deed that find their impulse and measure in Spirit-led genius are inspired. No; in the sense in which the Bible is inspired as being the original and infallible guide in all matters of moral standard, salvation, and destiny, and as involving a revelation adequate to human need, reaching beyond the utmost grasp of the most exalted genius and the vision of the most spiritual man into mysteries of truth, the knowing of which is only possible in a special dispensation of supernatural illumination. All of this talk about Shakespeare or Browning being as much inspired as the Bible is mere nonsense, evidencing a lack of discrimination, and does well nigh as much injustice to literature as to the Bible. The religious worth

and service of literature is, nevertheless, very great.

The spiritual element in earlier literature is only occasional. We see glimpses of it in the tragic productions of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, in the admonitions and dreams of Piers Plowman, in the Utopia of Sir Thomas More, and in the apocalyptic poems of Dante.

In Shakespeare the religious element is more pronounced. The supernatural world haunts the steps of Macbeth and Hamlet. Hamlet thinks the spirit world has risen up against him as he sees the ghost enter.

"Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,

Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from
hell,

Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou comest in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee! I 'll call thee, Hamlet,
King, Father, royal Dane; O answer me.
Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements! why the sepulcher,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,

Hath ope'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again! what may this mean,
That thou, dead corpse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous . . .
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we
do?''

Conscience asserts itself with relentless sting. Lady Macbeth utters, without relief, her shrieking cry:

"Here's the smell of blood still;
All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.
Oh! Oh!"

In "Hamlet" the queen says to Horatio:

"To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is, Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss; So full of artless jealousy is guilt, It spills itself, in fearing to be spilt."

Quayle calls Hamlet the profoundest study literature has produced of the soul longing for divine verities. The moral world is apparent in the fate of Shylock, Iago, and Richard. The human world, in both its littleness and greatness, appears in the Henrys,

the Woolseys, the Hotspurs, the Falstaffs, Kathrines, Audreys, and Lears. Shakespeare has been called "this world's poet." "He knew the soul, and walked around through it as a man walks through a familiar street risking no hurt, because he knows the way so well. You get to know manhood and womanhood in Shakespeare. He shows the thing rather than tells it. Coarseness of nature, fineness of nature, intense thought, lack of any thought, honor of dubitative cast, and honor which has no lack, the simpleton, the maniac, the conceited donkey of two legs, the asininity of drunkenness, the Nemesis of courses of sin, the hellishness of sin-mixed genius, the dolt and the genius, the gentlemen and the libidinous beast miscalled a man, the differentiation of vice in individual makeup, the clarity of virtue, especially in women''—these and more make Shakespeare the master of human nature, the psychologist of the soul. He penetrates deeply into life and wrestles with the problems of life and of conscience from the viewpoint of spirit, and yet he is not spiritual, in the sense, for instance, in which Tennyson is spiritual. He

can express and shape, as can no other, life's tragedies, but he has no Enoch Arden's prayer to relieve the scene.

In modern or nineteenth-century literature the spiritual element is predominant. This is true both of German and of English literature. In Germany we find the transcendental philosophers, Kant, Fichte, and Schelling, whose contribution to religion is scarcely less than that to literature and philosophy.

The very essence of Jean Paul Richter's message is religious. He is a devout soul, with exalted religious aspirations and a spirituality untrammeled by the narrowness of inflexible creeds. He says, "The best Christian religious doctrine is the life of Christ; and after that the sufferings and death of His followers, even those not related in Holy Writ." He had a keen sense of God, and believed implicitly in Infinite Goodness at the heart of things. His words are significant and breathe the atmosphere of faith: "I walked silently through little hamlets and close by their outer churchyards, where crumbling coffin-boards were glimmering, while the once bright eyes that had lain in

them were molding into gray ashes. Cold thought! Clutch not like a cold scepter at my heart. I look up to the starry sky, and an everlasting chain stretches thither and over and below; and all is warmth and light, and all is godlike or God."

Schiller gives expression to an idealism born of the divine. His constant lamentation is that he can not clutch the stars.

"This space between the ideal of man's soul
And man's achievement, who hath ever past?
An ocean spreads between us and that goal
Where anchor ne'er was cast."

His creed compasses human freedom, moral righteousness, and a God by whom all things are ordered in the fulfillment of a sublime purpose.

"Man is made free! Man by birthright is free,
Though tyrant may deem him but born for his
tool.

Whatever the shout of the rabble may be— Whatever the ranting misuse of the fool—

Still fear not the slave, when he breaks from his chain.

For a man made a freeman grows safe in his gain.

"And virtue is more than a shade or a sound,
And man may her voice in his being obey;
And though ever he slip on the stony ground,
Yet ever again to the godlike way,
To the science of Good, though the wise may be blind,
Yet the practice is plain to the childlike mind.

"And a God there is! over space and time
While the human will rocks, like a reed to and
fro,

Lives the Will of the Holy—a purpose sublime,
A thought woven over creation below;
Changing and shifting the All we inherit,
But changeless through one Immutable Spirit."

Goethe hardly classes with these others as a Christian seer, and yet beyond all his skepticism he pays the tribute of his genius to the imperishable beauty of the spiritual.

French literature gives us only an occasional gem in which the religious element is pronounced. Perhaps the best illustration of this is Hugo's "Les Miserables." Here we have presented in most graphic style the "battle of the angels and the demons for man's soul." The author tells the story of "how Jean Valjean was recovered from pas-

sion and sin to Christian service and self-sacrifice."

Modern English literature is a mine of religious truth. Its treasures are everywhere. Even writers like Matthew Arnold, Shelley, and Byron are not without religious worth, although their light shines dimly in comparison with others.

Arnold was always appealing to conduct to determine what is true. "Conduct," he said, "is three-fourths of life." He had a fine mental integrity, and demonstrated the utter failure of his Greek solution of the human problem. If his poetry and life teach anything, they assure us that Jesus, as the revelation of God in man, alone adequately meets and answers man's problem. His excursions into rationalism only seem to deepen within us the necessity for a faith that reaches farther than his own. He is on the way to a deeper faith, and his negatives imply positives.

Similar in a way is Shelley. He has been called "the poet of the unsatisfied." He pours out his grief like one whose earth lacks a sky. He who stands beside the grave

without hope is indeed a poor comforter. Shelley's outlook is much like that of Gray. In Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" we read, "All things end." In striking contrast is Milton's "Lycidas." Here we read, "To-day dies, but to-morrow dawns."

Byron, in his "Prisoner of Chillon," teaches "the Christian's debt to the past." The prisoner is one who suffers for the faith of his fathers. Helpless, he sees his brother die, and then, at last, with superhuman power he breaks the chain. He finds him not, for only the body of his loved one lies cold before him. He sinks to the floor in a dazed condition. Nothing remains but the faith of his fathers. Then he hears the sweet carol of a bird, and the gracious minstrel of song cheers his life until at last he is set at liberty. The prisoner passes through cruel oppression and survives the most loathsome environment, and in so doing he preserves to future generations the blameless and virile faith of the fathers.

In striking contrast to a picture so terrible as that of Byron is that of the parson in the "Deserted Village," by Goldsmith,

who, however, slightly precedes the nineteenth century. Goldsmith has a message for our day; for now, as then, the perils of citizenship are wealth, greed, and graft.

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade—
A breath can make them as a breath has made—
But the bold peasantry, a country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied."

The leaven against all such conditions is the saintly character represented in the village parson. He stands forth as an example of the needful virtues and as a moral and spiritual leader. This man of absolute integrity and of every sterling quality is probably Goldsmith's father, idealized in the love and admiration of the poet. It is like the case of the mother painted by Lew Wallace in "Ben Hur." It is said that Wallace's stepmother read the story at his request. When he asked her how she liked it she praised it highly, especially the character of the mother. "Son," she said, "how in the world did you get your conception of a mother like that?"

He answered, "Mother, don't you know it is a picture of your own dear self?" Through the influence of saintly character in her citizenship the village is safe, and gives evidence of new hope and life. A man crossing the ocean was much alarmed, and in the midst of a storm said to the captain, "Cap, can we weather it?" He replied: "Put your ear to that tube. Down there is the chief engineer, and he believes in me. I'm up here, and I believe in him. I rather guess we'll ride this blow out." The traveler was satisfied. So "when God can point to a man down here and say, 'There is a man I believe in,' and that man can point up and say, 'There is a God I believe in,' " the village is safe, and the Ship of State will outride the roughest storm.

Another safeguard to our civilization is that represented in "The Cotter's Saturday Night," by Robert Burns, who also just precedes the dawn of the nineteenth century. The members of the family gather home, on a Saturday night, after the toil and separation of the week. They are having a real visit, talking over together their experiences,

when a rap at the door brightens the sparkle in Jennie's eye. It is the coming of her lover. He joins the circle, where love, laughter, and good nature hold sway. The father enters into the merriment, but incidentally takes occasion to offer a bit of counsel:

"Be sure to fear the Lord alway— Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray. Implore His counsel and assisting might; They never sought in vain who sought the Lord aright."

The supper is ready, and is partaken of with much joy. When it is over, family and guest hear the father say, "Let us worship God." Burns makes this the climax of the scene, and portrays it thus:

"Then kneeling down, to heaven's Eternal King
The saint, the father, and the husband prays;
Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing,
That thus they all shall meet in future days;
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

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"Compared with this, how poor religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace, except the heart!
The power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul;
And in His Book of Life the inmates poor enroll.

"Then homeward all take off their several way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest;
The parent pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request
That He who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside."

The lesson is clear. The poem puts the home at the center of affection and attention, but it is the home with religion at the hearth.

"From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,

That makes her loved at home, revered abroad."

"God at the fireside" makes a nation strong.

As a study in the "principles of character" one should give attention to John Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture," regarded as "interpreters of the seven laws of life." Ruskin is not only art-critic and social reformer, but teacher and preacher. He puts the law of truth at the foundation, associating with it certain other laws, and pleading for the simplicities of virtue and of homely every-day righteousness. He is "oft an apostle of gentle words that heal like medicines, and sometimes a prophet of Elijah-like sternness and grandeur, consuming man's sins with words of flame."

Quayle says of George Eliot, "The large things she did, praise her; the larger thing she might have done, upbraids her." One of the really large things she has done is the creation of the character Tito. "His versatile talent; his lack of moral stamina; his feeling his way toward crime as a bather into cold serf; his base ingratitude, and the choice of ambition rather than rightness; his fatal decision to make no search for his foster-father, the appropriation of his wealth, and the consequent denial of him returned,

and Tito's murder by that much-injured man,—these constitute a study in ingratitude not often paralleled in power, and seldom equaled as a characterization." Romola makes evident the peril of tampering with conscience, and the gradual deterioration of character that is certain to follow. Here is the tragic decline and fall of the soul. It is the sowing of the wind and the reaping of the whirlwind. It is the verification of Scripture, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Shelley has called Coleridge "the subtle-souled psychologist." Strange and weird, but full of the supernatural, is his great poem, "The Ancient Mariner." When disaster came, after the shooting of the albatross, the form of a spirit haunted every corpse, and these spirit-beings of men supposed to be dead seemed to be tugging at the ropes. Greene considers the great lesson of the poem to be the nearness of the spirit world. Who knows but that spiritual forces are all about us at the behest of prayer? The world of spirit lies near at

hand, and divine aid can be had for the asking. Only let man remember that

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

The three great names in English literature, from the standpoint of the religious element, are Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning. When, at the close of the French Revolution, faiths were being recklessly overturned, it is refreshing to find a pure soul with penetrating insight and lofty spiritual vision like that of Wordsworth. We note in him an evident consciousness of God and a manifest faith. Here is one who was called of God to be a prophet. He comes trailing "clouds of glory" in his song. He writes of God, of nature, and of man; of their fellowships and harmonies, their interblending and reciprocal relations. To him nature is a living thing, or series of correlated things; it feels the life of God, it communes with man. With Wordsworth this is not pantheism, nor yet a mere mechanical principle, but an immanent-transcendent God.

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"And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

God is to him the Wisdom and the Spirit of the universe.

"Thou soul that art the Eternity of thought,
And givest to forms and images a breath,
And everlasting motion; not in vain,
By day or starlight, thus from my first dawn
Of childhood didst Thou intertwine for me
The passions which build up our human soul."

He represents the little child as hearing the ocean's murmurings in the shell, and it suggests to him the voice of God in the universe speaking into the ear of faith.

"Even such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of faith; and there are times,
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart

Authentic tidings of Invisible things; Of ebb and flow, and ever-enduring power; And central peace, subsisting at the heart Of endless agitation."

He writes of the herdman on a lonely mountain top as feeling and seeing the things of faith in his converse with nature.

"Early had he learned
To reverence the volume that displays
The mystery, the life that can not die;
But in the mountains did he feel his faith.
All things responsive to the writing, there
Breathed immortality, revolving life
And greatness still revolving, infinite;
There littleness was not; the least of things
Seemed infinite; and there his spirit shaped
Her prospects, nor did he believe—he saw."

His vision scans the life immortal and sets it near, within the distance of a moment.

"Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither;
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

Tennyson is rightly styled "the master of all the niceties of the poet's art." The extent and the success with which he gives himself to the unfolding of Christian truth has been a matter of some debate. It is true that he gives musical expression to our doubts and fears, our perplexity in the face of evil, and to our crying in the darkness for the light. But it is also true that Tennyson was profoundly religious, and has sounded some deep and wholesome notes in a time of much intellectual confusion. He lived in an age of psychological investigation and scientific criticism. It was a time of transition, when it fared ill with ancient creeds. Tennyson entered into the spirit of his age, but he kept his faith. He "fought his doubts, and gathered strength." Already science had established new relations among old truths. Tennyson, together with Browning, has done much to help us to see the significance of these new relations and of newly-found truths to religious thought and spiritual life. He has promoted philosophical insight into the relations of nature

and man with God. He loved nature, and because he trusted God he was not afraid

"To rest beneath the clover sod,

That takes the sunshine and the rains,

Or where the kneeling hamlet drains

The chalice of the grapes of God."

Prayer was to him "the highest aspiration of the soul," a means by which work is done and the erring world is knit to the heart of God.

"Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer

Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice

Rise like a fountain for me night and day.

For what are men better than sheep or goats

That nourish a blind life within the brain,

If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer

Both for themselves and those who call them

friend?

For so the whole round earth is every way. Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

The great item of his faith was his vision of God. It is easy for one to pray who feels that God is at his side.

"Speak to Him thou for He hears, and Spirit with spirit can meet,

Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet."

He paid the tribute of his genius to Christ.

- "Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
  Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
  By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
  Believing where we can not prove.
- "Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
  Thou madest life in man and brute;
  Thou madest death; and lo! Thy foot
  Is on the skull which Thou hast made.
- "Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
  Thou madest man, he knows not why;
  He thinks he was not made to die;
  And Thou hast made him; Thou art just.
- "Thou seemest human and divine,
  The highest, holiest manhood, Thou;
  Our wills are ours, we know not how;
  Our wills are ours to make them Thine.
- "Our little systems have their day;
  They have their day and cease to be;
  They are but broken lights of Thee,
  And Thou, O Lord, art more than they."

Tennyson is the "poet of the endless life." He utters the imperishable hopes and aspirations of the soul. He is not theological, like Milton or Wordsworth; nor philosophical, like Arnold or Browning; but he approaches the ultimate spiritual instincts and cravings of humanity from the side of the feelings. To him the passion for immortality well-nigh precludes the possibility that death should end all.

"My own dim life should teach me this
That life shall live for evermore,
Else earth is darkness at the core,
And dust and ashes all that is."

Tennyson once said, "The life after death, Lightfoot and I agreed, is the cardinal point of Christianity." To him.

"Death's truer name
Is 'Onward!' no discordance in the roll
And march of that eternal harmony
Whereto the worlds beat time."

How truly Christian is the conception set forth in his line,

"God's finger touched him, and he slept."

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How surpassing fair are those other lines:

"O sweet and strange, it seems to me, that ere this day is done

The voice that now is speaking, may be beyond the sun—

Forever and forever with those just souls and true—

And what is life, that we should moan? why make we such ado?

Forever and forever, all in a blessed home-

And there to wait a little while till you and Effie come—

To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast—

And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

What an expression of modest but assuring confidence in that personal song of the believing soul!

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

"But such a tide as moving seems asleep,

Too full for sound and foam,

When that which drew from out the boundless deep

Turns home again.

"Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark.

"For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

Faith in the life to come elevated and purified Tennyson's conception of the present life. It made for purity and beauty, and gave new meaning to duty and love. His own high moral qualities were fully equal to his artistic qualities. He has made goodness beautiful to our eyes and desirable to our hearts, and has made it easier for us to be good. His "King Arthur" is an attempt to incarnate the precepts and love of Christ.

"The Holy Grail" is one of the greatest indictments ever made "against a theatric form of religion, as a refuge for man when he has failed to obey the religion of duty and righteousness." "The dish once used at the Last Supper of Jesus with His disciples, Joseph's treasured last drop of blood which fell to him from Christ's riven side, the sacramental efficacy of the Grail, are not of supreme worth compared with King Arthur's devotion to common duties. As the whole epic moves toward a conclusion, we learn much. We learn that while heaven is attractive to religious souls, earth is the place to win heaven; that passionate purity alone may weave of a maiden's hair a girdle for Galahad, the warrior, and he alone may win the sight of the Holy Grail, as did the nun, Percivale's sister; that Galahad never retires from the world of duties and tasks; that, while Merlin may fear to sit in the chair where men lose themselves, Galahad cries, 'If I lose myself, I save myself.' "

The glory of life is self-crucifixion at the impulse of love and in the ministry of service. This is the great lesson in Tennyson's

"Enoch Arden." Three children are at play: Anna Lee, a most beautiful girl; Philip Rae, the son of a miller; and Enoch Arden, the fatherless son of a shipwrecked sailor. As they grow up Enoch marries Anna, and Philip in the sadness of his heart leads a lonesome but useful life. Into the home there come children, and Enoch, desiring to do the best possible for his family, connects himself with a ship destined to a long voyage in search of wealth. Shipwrecked on an island, his only companions die, and he is left alone. At last the ship Good Fortune comes that way, and Enoch returns home. But it was not home. Well nigh a dozen years had passed before Anna gave her word of assent to Philip to become his wife. Through all these years Anna had prayed and waited for his return, until the last hope that he was alive had vanished. Enoch, who through the years had prayed that her burden might be upon him, enters the old town to find everything changed. For love's sweet sake he buries his grief and will not let her know that he is alive. Looking through the window, he sees another hus-

band and father who has taken his place; the sight staggers him, but in love for them he crucifies himself and goes away to bear the agony alone, lest he shatter the happiness of that hearth. Only after his death will they know, and only then to give her comfort in the clearing up of the mystery that had so long distressed her, and to let her know that to the end his love was pure and strong and true. This is life at its best, self hidden behind the cross; this is "entering into the fellowship of His sufferings." But how such love and utter annihilation of the selfish transfigures life with a glory that is divine!

Robert Browning has been called "the poet's poet." In him the religious element is predominant. "I believe in God, in truth, in love," is the first article of his creed. He is inspired by revelation as well as by nature. He reflects the profoundest religious thought of his age, advancing to the central gospel conceptions of Christ's divinity and atoning sacrifice. He surpasses all other poets of his century in his study of man. His scope and range are vast, and the themes

with which he battles are rugged and vital problems. "He deals with divorce, marriage for position; with heredity, environment, and the failure of both in both directions; with sin as a palpable and monstrous fact, forgiveness, hypocrisy self-justified; with the failure for the largest by the lack of deep feeling, the passion and power of music, the defect of the artistic temperament; with motherhood, herohood, husbandhood, wifehood; with old age beautiful and beneficent, old age crabbed as gnarled wild crab-apples in early autumn; with lust, scholarship, humbuggery, intellect, the poet; with smirched virtue, conscience, consciencelessness; with love, bewilderment, life as a whole, with pain, temptation, duty; with unknown helpers of life, love above position, the moral sense; with natural theology, Christ, belief in God; with triumphant optimism, joy in life, longing, hope, and immortality." "His soundings are deep, and stretch over wide areas of the sea of the soul. He dredges where he sounds." His appeal, in search of truth, is to the whole man, intellect, heart, and will.

He is perhaps not as musical in expression as he is great and true in his conception. Living in an age of over-refinement, he dared rugged strength. He has shown us that he could do some beautiful things when he wished to, but he has chosen to teach the holiness of power, leaving it to Tennyson to teach the holiness of beauty. His power is in the realm of the spiritual. He rises to a sublime faith in God's incarnate love. He is distinctly and positively religious, and has deep insight into the soul. He is inspirational. He is saturated with the Christian spirit. In an age of doubt he is

"Very sure of God."

He is fortified in the fact that

"God rules in His heaven, All 's right in the world."

His God is the omnipresent, living God.

"God . . . dwells in all,
From life's minute beginnings up at last
To man—the consummation of this scheme
Of being, the completion of this sphere
Of life."

In nature he sees a moral order, and beyond nature a holy God.

"I trust in nature for the stable laws
Of beauty and utility . . .
I trust in God—the right shall be the right
And other than the wrong while He endures."

His God is not only righteousness, but love.

"For the loving worm within its clod Were diviner than a loveless God Amid His worlds."

Love is enthroned in the universe.

"This world no blot for us,
Nor blank; it means intensely, and means good."

If the universe speaks not enough, then let Christ give thee light.

"I say the acknowledgment of God in Christ Accepted by thy reason solves for thee All questions in the earth and out of it."

He addresses Christ as One with whom he has had constant fellowship.

"O thou pale form!
Oft have I stood by Thee—
Have I been keeping lonely watch with Thee
In the damp night weeping by Olivet,

Or leaning on Thy bosom, proudly less, Or dying with Thee on the lonely cross, Or witnessing Thy bursting from the tomb."

He speaks of Christ as

"He who trod
Very man and very God,
The earth in weakness, shame and pain."

In speaking of conscience and the doing of the truth he says:

"The worst man upon earth—
Be sure he knows in his conscience more
Of what right is, than arrives at birth
In the best man's acts that we bow before;
This last knows better—true, but my fact is,
"T is one thing to know, and another to practice."

His explanation of temptation he gives in these words:

"Why comes temptation, but for man to meet
And master and make crouch beneath his feet,
And so be pedestaled in triumph. Pray
'Lead us into no such temptations, Lord.'
Yea, but, O Thou whose servants are the bold,
Lead such temptations by the head and hair,
Reluctant dragons, up to who dares fight,
That so he may do battle and have praise."

To Browning life was fullness, and he finds a wild joy in living.

"Have you found your life distasteful?

My life did and does smack sweet.

Was your youth of pleasure wasteful?

Mine I saved and hold complete.

Do your joys with age diminish?

When mine fail me I 'll complain.

Must in death your daylight finish?

My sun sets to rise again."

Browning, too, is poet of immortality.

"All that is at all
Lasts ever past recall;
Earth changes, but my soul and God
stand sure;
What entered into thee,
That was, is and shall be;
Time's wheel runs back or stops; potter
and clay endure."

### With sublime confidence he says:

"Though I stoop
Into a dark, tremendous sea of cloud,
It is but for a time. I press God's lamp
Close to my breast; its splendor, soon or late,
Will pierce the gloom; I shall emerge somewhere."

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Worthy to be placed by the side of Browning's best thought upon this subject are the words by his wife, Elizabeth Barrett Browning:

"Hearken! Hearken!
God speaketh in thy soul,
Saying, O thou that movest
With feeble steps across this earth of Mine
To break beside the fount thy golden bowl,
And spill its purple wine,
Look up to heaven and see how like a scroll
My right hand hath thy immortality
In an eternal grasping."

Perhaps Browning's greatest creation, from the standpoint of the religious element, is his "Saul." It is based upon the Bible account of King Saul, found in 1 Samuel 16: 14-23. Saul, once kingly and mighty, and filled with God's Spirit, becomes disobedient and possessed of an evil spirit. To this man filled with melancholy and gloom, David the son of Jesse comes, filled with the Spirit of the Lord. His task is to awaken Saul and bring him back into the right way. Browning not only recites poetically this narrative, but uses it as a starting point for the truths

he desires to teach. Hillis makes the great lesson to be the tragedy of ten-talent men and, incidentally, their recovery. Burns, Byron, Poe, Bacon, De Quincy, and many others, are illustrations of the tragedies of greatness in the literary world. They have failed to realize that "as men go toward greatness they go toward responsibility." They have done something, but only God knows what they might have done with the larger vision splendid, possible only to purity and goodness. Genius is the strong man's peril. He may soar some and be satisfied, but it is forever true that faults and sins clip the wings of his flight.

Greene interprets Browning's "Saul" as a message on the awakening of a soul. Abner, cousin of Saul, makes an address to David, and then David proceeds to his task. He prays, addresses the king, plays upon his harp, and now there is the first sign of life. Saul groans. Now David plays and sings, forgetting not to call up boyhood days and memories of parents, brothers, and friends. Then, like a resurrection call, with intensity he speaks the name of "Saul."

He is aroused from his spiritual stupor, and David sings again, this time to sustain and strengthen him. It is a song of the immortality of life and influence. Not only Saul, but David himself is transformed. David has tasted the sweets of service, and now there is joy in living. In his new Christian experience even the face of nature seems new and strange and filled with a wild joy. Ah, there is nothing like it! Saul is blessed, David is blessed the more. "Browning's 'Saul' is a sermon on the greatness of life, and the goodness of God in projecting that life into eternity. Its practical message is that life is so valuable no one has a right to sink it into despair or mar it by sin. Yet, if a soul becomes lethargized, the best tonic for it is a true vision of life and God. Aroused by that vision, the soul recognizes the wild joy of its own existence, catches a glimpse of the divine love that created life with its joy, and rises to the sublime plane of faith in the eternal duration of that life."

If we pass from English to American literature we first find a group of writers who in the early part of the nineteenth century

laid the foundations of American literature. Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, Lowell, and Hawthorne are bound together by their common consciousness of the reality and worth of the moral quality in life, and their firm, sane belief in the beauty and power of right-eousness.

What better could one ask for our time than the ideals held up by Longfellow in his poem to the village blacksmith? Who can read without pious devotion his poem to Christ, in which St. John is represented as speaking while he wanders over the face of the earth?

Emerson weaves the outlines of transcendental ideals into the formulated statements of his own belief. His teachings have failed to be generally accepted on account of their disregard of those foundations on which human reason seeks to build religion. There is too much cloud effect, while denying that there is an ocean whence their substance has been derived. And yet in Emerson there is a magnificent abandon from all conventionality, and a pronounced religious spirit.

works of Holmes, while it is even more apparent in the writings of Lowell. Take for instance Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal," following Tennyson's theme, the search for the Holy Grail. Sir Launfal dashes forth on his quest, heedlessly passing a leper at the castle gate. Then there is a winter scene, of which Launfal becomes a part, as he confronts the cold, wintry close of life without the success of his search. As an old man he goes forth from the castle and sees again a leper begging at the roadside. This time he opens his eyes to see the vision, and beholds in the leper an image of the suffering Christ. As now in love he gives an alms, service becomes a sacrament, and a voice declares that he has found the Holy Grail in the spirit of his act. What Lowell would have him seek is not the cup, but that for which it stands: a Christlike ideal of life. In the finding of this he is transformed, and henceforth even his serfs are brethren.

<sup>&</sup>quot;The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land Has hall and bower at his command, And there 's no poor man in the North Countree But is lord of the earldom as much as he."

In Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" we have a great story that preaches. It is a study of the retributive workings of conscience, and proclaims the "necessity and nobility of repentance, and the confession of sin."

One could learn also from Bryant, who, though leading a busy life as citizen and journalist, found time to sing with unwavering Christian faith:

"Sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant
dreams."

Walt Whitman, too, has a message. He is the "poet of immortality."

"See ever so far, there is limitless space outside of that;

Count ever so much, there is limitless time around that;

My rendezvous is appointed, it is certain.

My Lord will be there and wait till I come on perfect terms;

The great Camarado, the lover true for whom I pine will be there."

And there is Whittier, called "the best loved of American poets." In his own quiet way he is tender like Jeremiah, seraphic like Isaiah, and devoutly spiritual, while standing for the freedom of the soul. Whittier is a seer. "He catches the finer voice with which God's Spirit whispers to the dull ear of the world." He inspires faith. He believes in God as the inspiration and source of all love, and as the love-giver to all humanity. He sings:

"Immortal love! forever full,
Forever flowing free,
Forever shared, forever whole,
A never ebbing sea."

## And again:

"All is of God that is, and is to be;
And God is good. Let this suffice us still,
Resting in childlike trust upon His will
Who moves to His great ends unthwarted by
the ill.

But still my human hands are weak
To hold your iron creeds;
Against the words ye bid me speak
My heart within me pleads.

Who fathoms the eternal thought?
Who talks of scheme and plan?
The Lord is God! He needeth not
The poor device of man.

I walk with bare, hushed feet the ground Ye tread with boldness shod:

I dare not fix with mete and bound The love and power of God.

Not mine to look where cherubim And seraphs may not see. But nothing can be good in Him Which evil is in me.''

He is conscious of sin in the world, but he turns from the problem of evil to the one sure thing, that God is good.

"I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within,
I hear with groans and travail-cries,
The world confess its sin.

"Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings;
I know that God is good."

He sees the immortal life in the soul's present relations with God.

"The solemn joy that soul-communion feels
Immortal life reveals;
And human love its prophecy and sign,
Interprets love divine."

He writes as though speaking to a departed loved one:

"Come then, in thought, if that alone may be,
O friend! and bring with thee
Thy calm assurance of transcendent spheres,
And the eternal years."

He is very sure

"That life is ever Lord of death
And Love can never lose its own."

The nearness of unseen realms and of unseen spiritual presences is to Whittier very real. He thinks the gates ajar between the seen and the unseen:

"O, sometimes comes to soul and sense
A feeling that is evidence
That very near about us lies
The realm of spirit mysteries."

Of his gifted sister who had died he writes:

"I can not feel that thou art far
Since near at hand the angels are;
And when the sunset gates unbar
Shall I not see thee waiting stand?
And white against the evening star,
The welcome of Thy beckoning hand?"

But with all the charm of his faith in the heavenly world, to Whittier life looked good. It is very probably his own home that he is describing in "Snow-Bound." For two nights and days the storm had raged, and the scene is laid in the third night after the paths and tunnels have been made. He presents the home scene, in that old-fashioned country home, with its open fireplace and all the rest. Two things he makes prominent; first, the pastimes engaged in, and second, the characters who occupied the home. Through the wholesome pastimes, character is formed at the fireside. In our day we need to strive for the ideal home relations, such as are here represented. And then this picture of the occupants! Who can forget the father, who is the idol and ideal of his chil-

dren; the mother, upon whose words the children hang with interest; the country school teacher, the good uncle, or that blessed, holy, noble woman, the old-maid aunt, whom Whittier calls the

"Sweetest woman ever Fate Perverse denied a household mate?"

Literature is for life. It sees visions, dreams dreams, talks of heaven; but all this is to encourage, instruct, and inspire for the urgency of to-day's need and opportunity. Indeed, no small portion of it strives directly for a regenerated humanity and the new social order. The religious element in literature not only tends toward spiritual views, giving to us a theology of the poets, but touches life with the spirit of reform. The new prophetism in literature, like the old prophets, strikes hard for private and social righteousness and believes in the ultimate triumph of the human brotherhood.

There is Carlyle, with his theological vagaries mostly due to a revolt from Calvinism. But the underlying note in Carlyle is the incalculable dignity of humanity. His

arraignment of wrongs is terrific. He has reverence for honest toil.

There, too, is Ruskin. He is social reformer. He writes to preach the Cross and self-denial. One day he urges a lady of fashion to try "God's fashion occasionally," and suggests that in planning her next party she imagine Christ there. The grotesqueness in it all arises from the actual antagonism of much in modern society to the spirit of Jesus.

Markham champions the toiler and pictures "The Man with the Hoe."

"How will you ever straighten up this shape,
Touch it again with immortality;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dreams;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?"

Sidney Lanier hymns the burdens of the poor.

"Yea, what avail the endless tale
Of gain by cunning and plus by sale?
Look up the land, look down the land,
The poor, the poor, they stand
Wedged by the pressing of Trade's hand

Against an inward-opening door,
That pressure tightens evermore.
They sigh a monstrous, foul-air sigh
For the outside leagues of liberty,
Where Art, sweet lark, translates the sky
Into a heavenly melody."

The Christian spirit, and indeed Christ Himself, occupies a very large place in modern literature. The place of Jesus in poetry, for example, is suggested in the mention of Dante's "Vision," Tennyson's "Holy Grail," Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal," Browning's "Christmas Eve," "Easter Day," and "Death in the Desert," Whittier's "Our Master," and Lanier's "Christ."

Not only is Christ the inspiration and the theme of literature, but He is Himself the Supreme Master of the literary art. We are told that Jesus never left a written line. Perhaps so! But He formulated ideas so melodious that, in spite of translation, they "still breathe the sound of an ethereal music." His words, as given us by His biographers, are the loftiest products of genius that the literary art has ever produced. Charles Dickens, that great master of the pathetic

style, was asked, "What is the most touching story in literature?" Without hesitation he answered, "The story of the Prodigal Son." The world has given no dissenting voice. Coleridge, so rich in knowledge that his "conversation sparkled with jewels of thought," when asked for the richest passage in literature, replied, "The Beatitudes." No one seems disposed to take exception. Edmund Kean, the famous actor and artist, said there was one passage so full of tears that he thought no man could render it: "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Doubtless we are quite agreed that thus far no one has ever measured the depths of its pathos and its power. Burke, the statesman and orator, said the most important political document on the rights of man was "the Sermon on the Mount." With one accord all give assent. What literary artist has ever made an appeal to childhood's heart like "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of heaven?" Or, who has cleared the sky of the soul's immortal hope like Jesus in the

words, "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's house are many mansions?"

One place where Christ's literary supremacy is seen at its best is in His use of parables and pictures. The world-wide principles of the scientist and the abstract reasonings of the philosopher are "the raw materials of thought" hard for the common mind to grasp. "Hobbling along on the crutches of logic, reason arrives at the truth. Then the imagination seeks a form of expression." The picture and the parable are the art products of the creative imagination. In respect to truth they may be even deeper than the formulated statement, but in any event they fasten themselves upon the memory. Arguments as to sin and its fatal consequences are soon forgotten; but Christ painted a picture that men can not forget: "If any man heareth these sayings of Mine and doeth them not, I will liken him unto a foolish man who built his house upon the sand." Men may argue the questions of pardon and forgiveness; but who will hear?

The first theological work published in America bears on its title-page these words, "A Complete Body of Divinity, in two hundred and fifty lectures upon the Assemblies' Shorter Catechism." "Christ takes whole theological systems and, using the essence of them for His colors, paints a picture," "The Prodigal Son." Here we have it: God, man; how they got separated, and how they get together again. This is literary genius at its noblest and highest. Just as the chemist takes the "sweetness of an acre of crimson blossoms and puts them into a small vial of attar of roses," so Christ gathers up all the vastness of truth and tosses it to us in a form that will live forever, a sweet-smelling savor and perfume for the soul.

God help us to be wise in the literary lore of all the ages! But God save us from the boasted conceit of imagined literary attainment that is steeped in ignorance of the world's masterpiece of literature, the Book of books, and of the world's supreme Master of the literary art, the Christ of the Bible!

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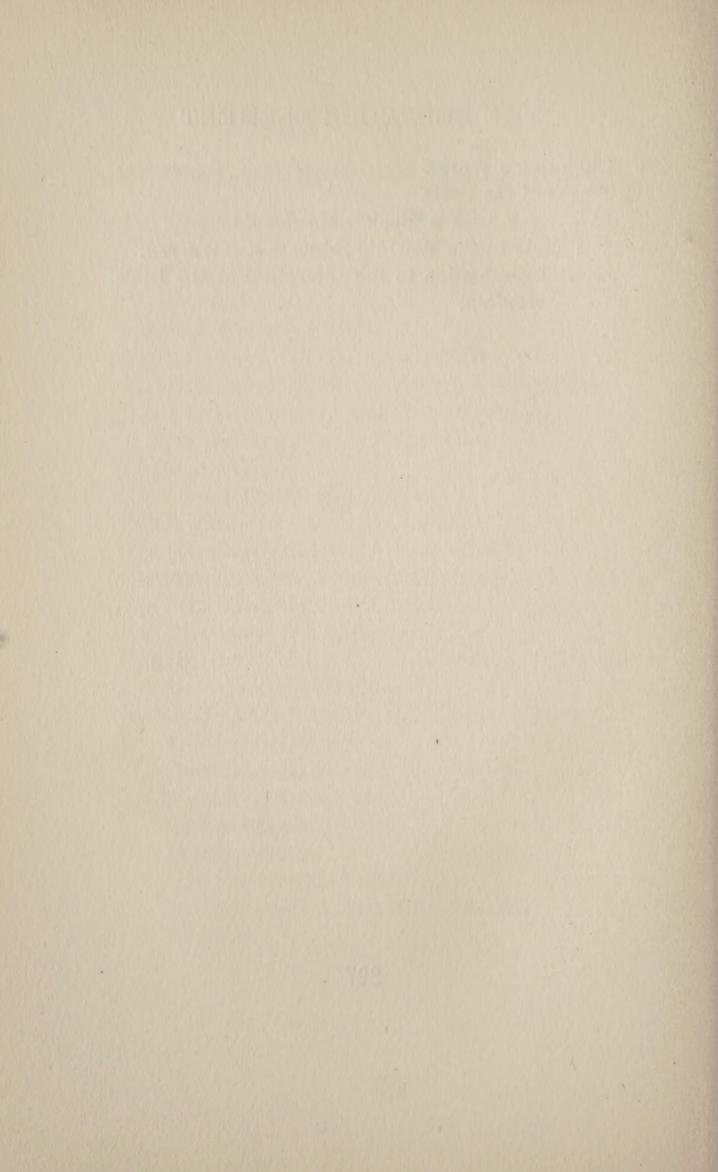
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## The Bible, God's Depository of Truth

"Thy word is truth." John 17:17.
"The word of the Lord endureth forever."
Peter 1:25.

# THE BIBLE, GOD'S DEPOSITORY OF TRUTH

THE Bible is the monumental record of the monumental revelation of the mind and heart of God to humanity. It is the castle of truth set aloft upon the mount of revelation, whose light streams forth to the very ends of the earth. It is the revealed treasure in which is hidden all the riches of wisdom and knowledge. It is much fine gold tried in the fire of criticism and of experience; sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

We are told of localities where gold is present everywhere. There is gold in the hidden rocks, gold in the stones that mend the roads, gold in the dust that blows in the streets, gold in the garden plot and in the farm. But ofttimes the quantity is so limited as to be scarcely worth one's while, and the method of discovery too difficult. The seeker after religious truth finds that truth is everywhere. If he turn to nature, history, art, music, or literature, it is never in vain, for

the gold of truth is there. But for the hungry soul perishing for the Bread of Life, and for the yearning heart panting after the knowledge of God's presence and favor, neither the quantity nor the form of truth as here contained suits man's need. Not so with the Bible; it is much fine gold. The height and depth of its riches in the things of the Spirit, and the ready access in the form of its presentation proclaim it, not incidentally but primarily, a revelation for man.

It is said, too, that where some of the richest veins of gold have been found men have come and gone for centuries, never dreaming of the wealth treasured beneath their feet. The truth of the Bible is like gold in the soil. Generations walk over it, while the heedless multitudes know not what riches escape them through neglect, or lie hidden under the feet of their too careless interpretation. Then some one really studies the Bible, discovers truth, and calls it new, but it is only new to the finder.

The utterances of the Bible are not true merely because they are in the Bible, but

they are in the Bible because they are true. The Bible is God's Book, not merely because it is inspired, but because "it tells us the truth about God's way with men." We are not so much to receive the teachings of the Bible because they are inspired as we are to acknowledge the inspiration because of the teaching. It is the truth that proves the inspiration, and not the inspiration the truth. The basis of our appeal to the reason is the truth that the Bible contains. Given the Scriptures, some explanation becomes necessary. Divine inspiration is the only explanation that seems to satisfy. We need to heed the Scriptures because they are truth, vital to us; and in as much as they are such, we need to honor them and recognize their divine authority as having God for their Author, truth for their substance, and salvation here and hereafter for their purpose.

Is it possible for the average man, without the advantages of expert knowledge, to know that the Bible is God's inspired truth? Such appears to be the case in the light of certain pertinent facts easily within the reach of all.

The foundation truths of the Bible are self-evident when man measures them over against the deepest needs of his own heart and life. A converted Chinaman reached the heart of a great philosophy when he said, "Whoever made me made that Book." That was a well-reasoned conclusion from the conscious fact that the Bible and his inner nature answered to one another.

Bishop Whipple once told of a scholarly gentleman who said that for years he had read every book on the market that assailed the Bible, and that he would have become an infidel but for three things: "First, I am a man. I am going somewhere. These books shed not one solitary ray of light upon the darkness. Second, I had a mother. I saw her go down into the dark valley where I am going, and she leaned upon an Unseen Arm as calmly as a child goes to sleep on the breast of its mother. Third, I have three motherless daughters." Let such a one take the Bible into his heart, and with him the truth of it will not depend upon the dictum of logician, critic, theologian, nor philosopher.

It is said of Justin Martyr that in his early manhood he was athirst for truth and peace. In his quest for that which satisfies the craving of the inner life he goes to the representative philosophers of his day. The Stoic tells him he is foolish, and that there is but one thing for a man to do: set his face like a flint and vow that whatever comes or goes, he will not be moved. In this there is nothing for Justin Martyr, and he goes farther; this time to the Peripatetic philosopher. He demands a fee, and the moral sense of the great man is outraged. What will Justin Martyr do? He still pursues his weary way, going, this time, to the representative of the Pythagorean philosophy, and he dismisses him because he does not know music and mathematics. Then he goes to the Platonist, who tells him to think, and think, and think, until his mind soars away to Deity. This looks a little better, and the agonizing seeker tries, but all in vain. He is ready to give up, and, on the verge of despair, he walks to the shore of a small lake, where the waters, so calm and serene, seem only to plague his soul. Here he meets an elderly man, a Chris-

tian. They fall into conversation, and the old hero of the cross, quickly grasping the meaning of the young man's distress, opens the Scriptures and preaches unto him Jesus. How does Justin Martyr know that this, and not the other, is truth? It answers to the deepest needs of his own soul; and when this is so, to deny its truth would be to call in question the trustworthiness of the very faculties by which we must be guided or be left entirely without anchorage.

Tennyson was one day walking in his arbor, musing aloud over some verses of his "In Memoriam." He sees a caterpillar crawling up the leg of his desk, on which there lies an open Bible. He begins to meditate, saying aloud to himself, "That worm does not know how sad I am. It can not understand. What if God does not understand? Does He know? Does He care?" Then Tennyson takes the Bible from his desk and, folding it to his breast, he says, "But God does understand; He tells me so." God's thought and love, communicated through the Bible, are a message that rings true to the yearning cry of the soul. Through

the Bible God speaks. We see the electrical instrument in one house delicately poised and precisely adjusted to the telephone in another house. It carries the words perfectly. So the Bible conveys the message of God, and its adjustment to the delicate mechanism of the soul indicates not only its truth, but that both belong to the same system of things, with one and the same Author.

That the Bible is God's inspired truth is further evident from the way it has increased in power, and has wrought itself into the best there is in our civilizations and attainments. The safety of life itself, which is fundamental to all civilization, depends upon the Bible. I have heard of a young infidel who, in company with a wealthy uncle, was journeying toward the Pacific in search of gold. Reaching the end of the railway, they walked along lonesome paths until the approach of night. They came at last to a little hut where they were met by a roughlooking man. Not daring to risk the journey further at so late an hour, they decided to stay over night. The house had but two little rooms, to one of which they were assigned.

It was decided that the young man should sit up for the first half of the night, with pistol in hand, and at midnight they were to change off. Presently the young infidel came tumbling into bed. The surprised uncle said: "Is it midnight already? It seems as though I have but just fallen asleep." "No," said the nephew; "but I'm going to bed." The uncle was up in a minute. What had happened? The young man, looking through a crack in the partition, had seen their rough-looking host, in his bear-skin suit, take a Bible from the shelf and kneel with his family around the rickety old table. The man does not live, however much he may have to say about his unbelief, who would not under like circumstances have felt better and more safe when the old man's Bible appeared. Would a pack of cards, a rum bottle, a copy of the "Age of Reason," or any secular book, however good, have produced a like effect? There is but one answer, and that answer is not without significance.

Not only is the Bible inwrought into the very foundations of our civilizations, but it has become a constituent part of the warp

and woof of our noblest attainments. Take literature as an example. How large is the debt of the literary world to the Sacred Book! Even Goethe, the admired of all skeptics, had the walls of his home covered with religious maps and pictures. Milton's "Paradise Lost" is a part of the Bible in blank verse. Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered" is borrowed almost wholesale from the Bible. Bunyan saw in a dream only a glimpse of what St. John had seen before in all the glory of Apocalyptic vision. Macaulay crowns his most majestic sentences with words of Scrip-Through Addison's "Spectator" ture. "there glances in and out the stream that broke from beneath the throne of God, clear as crystal." Sir Walter Scott's greatest creations of character are Bible men and women. Carlyle would easily pass for a splendid distortion of Ezekiel. The Bible is the great fountain of truth from which other books dip their life.

"A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majesty like the sun,
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

"The Hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

"Let everlasting thanks be Thine For such a bright display, As makes a world of darkness shine With beams of heavenly day."

It will help us to realize how thoroughly inwrought into all our life and treasures the Bible has become, and how completely we are in the grip of its power, if we seek to answer the question, "What would be necessary in order to destroy the Bible? be suggested that we have only to destroy every printed copy, that in itself would be a task of immense proportions. It would take us to the frozen arctic snows and to the burning sands of the equator, into the jungles of our least explored continent and to the most remote islands of distant seas; for wherever man is found, there some gospel herald has gone with the Bible. If all this were possible, the task would be scarcely begun. There are still some eight hundred manuscripts, scattered world-wide in libra-

ries and museums, public and private. These too would have to be destroyed, and then we would need to go farther. It would be necessary to destroy practically every book that bears the imprint of brains. Lord Hailes, the antiquarian, said, "I have actually discovered the whole New Testament except eleven verses in the secular writings of the first three centuries of this era." It is claimed that in the works of Tennyson there are four hundred and thirty-six, and in the writings of Ruskin nine hundred and twentysix quotations from or allusions to the Bible. Take from our Tennyson, Ruskin, Browning, Shakespeare, and the rest, what has come directly or indirectly from Bible language, teaching, inspiration, and ideals, and how much would be left that would command the attention even of the irreligious? We would have also to reckon with the paintings and mosaics of the world. Go anywhere that you will, from the greatest galleries of all nations, where the originals are to be found, to the poorest home of the humblest cottager, on whose walls there hangs the little sketch or reproduction, and everywhere art tells

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the gospel story. From the canvas of living but silent speech alone the Bible would continue forever to hold sway in the veneration and love of the race. But if all this were done, even yet the Bible would not be destroyed, so great is its power. There is still left music, which not only contains Bible truth, but, as by winged flight, wafts it to the soul with charm and delight. Is it a mere chance that the Christian nations are the singing nations of the world? The harmonies of God's universe, fundamental to music, are one with the truths of God, whose inspired expression we have in the Bible. When the Bible acquaints men with God and His Christ, it touches the deepest emotions of the soul, needful to music and song. A dull world without music, 'tis true; but even then we must not stop unless our destructive purpose is to meet with utter failure. Every church must be destroyed, for the very presence of the church reminds men of God and the teaching from the Holy Book. Our educational systems must meet with like fate, for they are largely the product of the Christian religion. Does it merely happen by

some inexplicable chance that the educational systems of Christian nations are so vastly superior to those of other nations, or is the possibility of this superiority potentially inherent in the truth of the Bible? All our eleemosynary and charitable institutions would of course be included, for they are in their very nature distinctly Christian. By what turn of fate or chance does it happen that it is only in Bible lands that sweet charity seeks out the aged, the infirm, the sick, the delinquent, and even the criminal? But if all these were destroyed, the Bible would still live. Go to any little hillside in all Christendom where there nestles the quiet city of the dead, and you will find the Bible. Here is the Shepherd folding the lamb to His bosom; there is the dove of peace, or an open book on whose marble pages are the words "Holy Bible;" yonder in every direction are stones bearing verses of Scripture, or some lines expressive of Biblical sentiment. There is enough Bible truth in the cemeteries of the dead to save the world. Even yet the work must go on until not one living Christian remains. Though we may

have drifted far from the good old days when people committed to memory large portions of Scripture, to-day the Bible is in the minds and hearts of God's people, and more largely in their lives than ever before. When Pat's Protestant Bible was being burned by his spiritual overseer, he only smiled, saying: "Ye think ye 've burned me Bible? written on the fleshly tables of me heart." One other step remains: the slaying of all unbelievers, atheists, and infidels who know anything about the Bible. For if the world were without a Bible, the hungry hearts of some of these outcasts from the faith would drive them to write one from such Scriptures as memory held in store from that earlier study prompted by destructive purpose.

And yet it was of this same Bible, so matchless in power and so marvelously interwoven with every good thing, that Voltaire dared to speak with such boldness, declaring that in a hundred years there would not be a copy of the Bible on earth. But Voltaire did not know that to-day the very press on which that blasphemous prophecy was printed would be owned by the Geneva

Bible Society and be used for the printing of Bibles. Nor did he know that during the last year there would be put into circulation nearly twelve million copies of the Bible as a whole, or of some portion of it, and all of this despite the immense circulation of former years. Imagine his surprise, could he have been told that to-day you could take the annual circulation of the one hundred most popular books, and their total would be just about equal to the annual circulation of the Bible alone. How he would have looked with astonishment at the fact that the twentieth century was greeted by over eighty Bible societies, publishing the Bible at least in part in five hundred and seventeen languages and dialects!

"Last eve I stood before a blacksmith's door And heard the anvil ring its vesper chimes; Then, looking in, I saw upon the floor Old hammers worn with beating years of time.

"How many anvils have you had,' said I,

'To wear and batter all these hammers so?'

'Just one,' he answered, then, with twinkling

eye,

'The anvil wears the hammers out, you know.'

"And so the Bible, anvil of God's Word,
For ages skeptic blows have beat upon;
And though the noise of Paine, Voltaire was
heard,
The anvil is unworn—the hammers gone.

"Apprentice blows of ignorance, forsooth,
Many awe with sound, and blinding sparks
death-whirled;

The Master holds and turns the iron, His truth, And shapes it as He wills, to bless the world."

—L. B. CAKE.

Modern Biblical criticism has caused a widespread anxiety. But the Bible that has shown its superior truth in the withstanding of all former attacks has here new opportunity to let the luster of its true character shine forth. If it is much fine gold, no fire of honest criticism can do it harm. Destructive criticism is self-destructive, and it is a notable fact that it is already beginning to pass out of vogue. The atmosphere of the world of scholarship is constantly becoming less cordial to the hostile type of criticism that seeks to destroy, and is demanding more and more that criticism, to be reputable, must be constructive and sympathetic. One of the

results of the higher criticism is certain to be added confidence in the Bible as the eternal truth of God. Dr. George A. Gordon sums up the case in these significant words: "The Bible has had a vital cosmopolitan trial of two thousand years; it comes attested by time as the spiritual treasure of mankind. It comes laden with the gratitude of the brave, covered with the homage of the seer, and perfumed with the love of the suffering men and women whom it has lifted into peace. It has survived all fashions and has in its favor the verdict of history. Time has proved it to be the Child of the Eternal, the Word of God to our world for all the ages."

The truth of the Bible as the inspired word of God is also shown in the fact that the Bible is peculiar among books for the living energy that has accompanied its spread and acceptance. This appears first in personal life. The miracle of "Twice Born Men" is ever before our eyes. As long as the Bible gives to men a transforming vision and makes them new creatures in Christ Jesus, so long it will not be wanting in convincing testimonial. It is a living Book,

having a living Christ for its expression and a living Church as its product. "The Bible is not dependent on the dead letters of the monuments for its credibility, nor does the earthly life of our Lord require the attestation of some rock-hewn gospel. From age to age, from generation to generation, the gospel is written in the hearts and lives of men, and Christ walks in His true Church to-day as really as among the golden candlesticks in the apocalyptic vision. It is not a dead gospel, nor an empty manger or sepulcher, which claims our interest. It is a living gospel, which is confirmed in the hearts of men rather than by any testimony of the monuments or ancient manuscripts. We bow before Him in loving adoration who liveth and was dead, and is alive for evermore." The authority of the Bible does not rest, in the last analysis, upon arbitrary claims, nor upon what the critics are able to prove or to disprove, but upon its power to quicken and sustain the life of the Spirit. "The response of the Spirit in the reader is the witness to the presence of the Spirit in the writers and their words."

To the individual the Bible is light and salvation. In the South Kensington Museum, in London, is a great painting representing the death of Oliver Cromwell. Everywhere about the room and on the faces of those present are dark shadows. But there is bright light in the room. Its center is a Bible on Cromwell's breast, over which the hero's hands are folded, and from which the light streams up into his face. From that Book the great Puritan prince, one of the mightiest men of the Anglo-Saxon race, drew his light and inspiration for life and for death. The Bible has touched and transformed the life of humanity with a living energy and power that is divine. It is light and life because it holds up before us the face of Jesus Christ.

"Word of the everlasting God,
Will of His glorious Son;
Without thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?

"Lord, grant us all aright to learn
The wisdom it imparts;
And to its heavenly teaching turn,
With simple, childlike hearts."

Nor is the Bible less a quickening power in collective than in individual life. Its absence is chaos and disorder. A young fellow on board a ship was displeased to find a large company of ministers as passengers. In the presence of several of them he told the captain in an insulting manner that he was sorry he had engaged passage on that boat because there were so many ministers. The captain, who was a rough fellow, replied, "If you'll show me a town in England where there are five thousand people and not one parson, I'll show you a place a mile nearer hell than ever you've been." The minister's influence is the power of the truth, as he wields the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God. The Bible makes for the strength, vigor, and purity of social, industrial, and national life. Some years ago there was a British expedition to Tahiti, in quest of breadfruit trees. On the journey a mutiny occurred. The mutineers took possession of the ship, and finally made a settlement on Pitcairn Island. There followed two years of quarreling, drunken carousal, and death. Then John Adams alone by himself becomes converted. He

finds a Bible among the ship's stores and begins to teach the people. Very soon there are evidences of a new civilization, and presently a prosperous Christian island.

What made the glory and strength of the sternness and chivalry of Puritanism on both sides of the Atlantic? It was the fact that every school boy had so pored over the Bible that he became saturated with its phrases and its spirit. Bible language became the speech of the people, and Bible ideals gave the rigor of unyielding conviction to their standards.

The greatest queen in modern history understood the power of the Bible in the life of a nation. A foreign prince said to Victoria, "What is the secret of England's greatness?" The queenly woman arose, and taking a Bible from the drawing-room table before her, she reached it out to the young prince, saying, "This is the secret of England's greatness."

The sacred books of all religions must abide the test of their fruitage in the lives of men and nations. The answer to the Shastas is India, India with her starving millions,

child widowhood, sacrifice of infants at the Ganges, moral sterility, and manifest impotence. The answer to Confucianism is China, China just now beginning to awake from the sleep of the centuries through her recent touch with Western civilization and the Christian religion. The answer to the Koran is Turkey, Turkey "the sick man of Europe," Turkey with her massacres, treachery, and shame. The answer to Catholicism is Italy, Spain, France, and the Philippines as the United States found them. The answer to the open Bible is Protestant Europe and America. "By their fruits ye shall know them." There is something seriously defective about any religion which can hold sway for centuries over the lives and government of a people, and yet leave that people with an appalling absence of moral and ethical standards, of educational and philanthropic institutions, of individual and national ideals, of honesty and chastity, of chivalry and of conscience.

The answer of the Bible to the deepest needs of mankind, its unparalleled power and vital relation to all progress and achieve-

ment, and the results of its acceptance by the one or the many, are pertinent and significant facts that place the Bible in a class by itself. Nor has either the mind or the heart of the race been satisfied thus far with any explanation that makes the Bible other than the inspired word of the living and eternal God.

In the light of these facts we are not surprised that the Bible is the most interesting book in the world. It has a cosmopolitan attractiveness that makes it the most fitting and effective agency for the carrying of the truth to all nations. It admits of endless translation without the loss of its beauty or its power. It is an ancient book, and yet the most advanced of modern thought. It is an Oriental book, and yet has its widest circulation in the most progressive Western nations. It is both one book and a library of sixty-six books. It contains almost infinite diversity of treatment, and yet a marvelous unity of theme and purpose that centers in the person of Christ. It abounds in all kinds of material and of literature—law, orations, stories, adventure, romance, allegories, parables, letters, biographies, arguments, songs,

chronicles, sermons, prophecy, proverbs, poetry, drama.

The great interest in the Bible lies not in its form, but in its unparalleled table of contents. Turn back to the earlier pages, and we find Genesis giving us the finest attempt in the world at a history of beginnings. Read the Greek and the Indian cosmogonies, or any statement of naturalism or materialistic evolution, and how empty and insufficient they sound when placed alongside of the sublime utterance, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." Read Plato's effort to explain the ancestry of souls, or any of the profoundest explanations of the ages, and how like nothing they seem when measured by the majesty and might of that Scripture which tells us that "God breathed into him life, and man became a living soul." Besides giving us Abraham, one of the greatest of personalities, Genesis gives us the beginnings of the universe, of man, of the chosen family, of sin, of death, of salvation in the promise that "the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head." It gives us the beginnings of peoples as nations, and the beginnings of the Jew, the miracle among nation-

alities; the Jew, "oldest of living peoples; with authentic history before battle trumpeted at the gate of Troy, whose ten tribes passed into perpetual banishment when Greece and Rome were mythic names and waging mythic wars; with history and genius, unprecedented longevity, and unparalleled catastrophe, the solitary people to whose annals miracles indubitably belong."

The Pentateuch gives us Moses, the wise statesman and courageous leader, the giver of law and inspiration to his time and to all times.

Joshua, in its story of the conquest of Canaan by the Israelites, is a battle program, more fascinating than Cæsar's Commentaries.

The Book of Ruth is a pastoral, beautiful beyond compare, beside which "The Vicar of Wakefield" and "Lorna Doone" are most inferior.

The Book of Job is a dramatic poem that ranks with the best in any language. It goes to the very seat of life's problem, as its hero, Job, is put to the severest tests of faith. It presents the tragedies of a good man's life,

that end with the shadows of the night slipping away from the hills at dawn. It is reported of Carlyle that on one occasion, at the house of a friend, he was reading at family prayers from the Book of Job. He became so intensely interested that he kept on reading until he had finished the entire Book, and then he looked up to find the family all gone, they having slipped out one at a time.

The story of David is more thrilling with interest than the Odyssey. The Psalms are praise-songs that have no equal.

Who has ever reached the sublimities of Isaiah, especially in the marvelous poetic prophecies of the Christ and His kingdom? We speak of "the lordly Milton," but even Milton is not lordly by the standard of Isaiah. Thanks to Matthew Arnold, who set the literary world journeying through Isaiah.

Jeremiah, who made it his business to give a standard of righteousness for the nations, is more tender than Mrs. Browning's "The Cry of the Children," and more full of heartaches than Tennyson's "In Memoriam." Of all elegies set to words by sorrow, there is none like Lamentations.

Ezekiel is a series of poetic visions, unrivaled in allegorical splendor. We think of Dante as imaginative, but Ezekiel is more imaginative than Dante.

The heroes of earth are legion, but where is the hero who can stand by the side of Daniel?

And here are those little Books, so often passed over all too lightly, the Minor Prophets. What lessons they teach! Hosea, "God's love for His wayward people;" Joel, "spiritual worship of God;" Amos, "threatened judgment for sin;" Obadiah, "the folly of resisting God;" Jonah, "the wideness of God's mercy;" Micah, "the triumph of God's mercy;" Nahum, "consolation in the Lord;" Habakkuk, "confidence in God in darkest trials;" Zephaniah, "the goodness and severity of the Lord;" Haggai, "temple building in devotion and faith;" Zechariah, "restoration by divine power and love;" Malachi, "God's thought of His own in surrounding evil."

Search the biographical literature of the centuries, but Boswell's "Johnson" and others of the best, are no parallel to the Four

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Gospel Biographies. To Matthew, Christ is the Messiah King, to Mark the Divine Worker, to Luke the Son of Man, to John the Divine Son of God.

The Gospel of John is a solitaire among all the books of earth. The first fourteen verses of the first chapter have been called the sublimest strain of equal length in any literature.

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

The same was in the beginning with God.

All things were made by Him; and without Him was not anything made that was made.

In Him was life; and the life was the light of men.

And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not.

There was a man sent from God, whose name was John.

The same came for a witness, to bear witness of the Light, that all men through him might believe.

He was not that Light, but was sent to bear witness of that Light.

That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not.

He came unto His own, and His own received Him not.

But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name:

Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.

And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth.

If we turn to the Acts of the Apostles, we have a miraculous extension of the Church, in a religious propaganda that contemplates within the scope of its purpose and activities the conquest of the world. No romance of modern missions is more full of happy victory and the power of God.

No impatient lover of the new, anxious to break with the old system of things, was ever more sanely revolutionary than Paul, in his espousal of justification by faith, in the Letter to the Romans.

If we desire principles of Christian living, those in first Corinthians are surpassing fair, while the Sermon on the Mount is the stand-

ard that ultimately will be graven in the conscience of the world.

For the relations between the Law and the Gospel, consult Galatians; for the unity of the Church, Ephesians; for the supremacy of Christ and His heavenly intercession, the Hebrews; for a treatise on Christian practice, the Book of James; for the brotherhood of man, the Epistle to Philemon. Philemon is a more touching tribute to friendship than Cicero's "De Amicitia."

And what shall we say of the Book of Revelation, in which the great truths of the Gospel are presented through the imagination? It is "the greatest poem of the ages, the Epic of Redemption." In it the "drama of human destiny moves across the stage of time, with all forces, human and Divine, in full activity." It is splendid enough to put all the sky in conflagration.

Is our interest in men? Here is Paul. He is the greatest character born of the Jewish race, save only the Christ. Do you doubt it? Then read again his Corinthian chapters on Love and the Resurrection.

All of these considerations are good, but 260

the Bible is the most interesting book in the world because its chief content is Christ. It brings Him within the horizon of the soul, and gives the vision splendid. "His words have swept the clouds from out the sky, His doctrines have changed the history of the world, His doings have taught the centuries to love each other, and He, the Lord of Life, walked calmly down into the grave to kill the king of death, and 'having captivity captive and given gifts unto men,' He as calmly walked up again through the springtime sky, and sat down far 'above all principality and power,' and holds a name which is above every name."

I plead for the reading and the study of the Bible. Approach it with the spirit of prayer and with the understanding. Carlyle tells of Mahometan mosques where thirty or more relays of priests take up the reading until the whole Bible is read each day, and of Mahometan doctors who have read it seventy thousand times. All of this appears to be more or less of a performance, with little result in the life; even this is better than blank ignorance and neglect.

In a Christian home not long ago, the mother asked her son where his Bible was. He replied, "I do n't know; I guess it 's in my trunk up in the store-room." Turning to the daughter she said, "And where is your Bible?" The reply was: "I'm not sure; I think it is upstairs in one of my bureau drawers." It is not good practice to lose one's Bible, especially if we leave it lost until we forget that it is lost.

It is said of Chief-Justice Chase, that after becoming Governor of Ohio he had occasion to issue a Thanksgiving Proclamation. He composed it entirely from passages from the Bible, and, thinking that every one would know the source, did not use quotation marks. Presently a Democratic editor criticised it most severely, calling it a downright plagiarism. He would swear under oath that he had seen it somewhere before, but could n't be just sure where. A Republican editor thought it necessary to come to the rescue, and made answer by declaring that he absolutely knew that not one single line of it had ever appeared in print before, for he was very sure that he had never seen it.

The Bible is no primer. It is God's greatest revelation to men. It may be true that the wayfaring man, though a fool, can run and read; but I submit it to you, would it not be better, first, if he were not a fool, and second, if he did not try to read on the run? "Thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do all that is written therein: for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success." Read the Bible for life, for liberty, for culture, for inspiration, for ideals, for wisdom, for salvation, for contact with Him who is life, help, and healing.

The great men of the ages have believed in the Bible, and conscious of its power, have encouraged devotion in its study.

Goethe confessed: "It is a belief in the Bible which has served me as the guide of my moral and literary life. No criticism will be able to perplex the confidence which we have entertained of a writing whose contents have stirred up and given life to our vital energy by its own. The farther the ages advance in civilization the more will the Bible be used."

Professor Huxley wrote: "I have always

been strongly in favor of secular education without theology, but I must confess that I have been no less seriously perplexed to know by what practical measures the religious feeling, which is the essential basis of moral conduct, is to be kept up in the present utterly chaotic state of opinion on these matters without the use of the Bible."

Sir Walter Scott, on his deathbed, declared, "There is only one Book."

Sir William Jones said: "The Bible contains more true sense, more beauty, more pure morality, more important history, finer strains of poetry and eloquence than can be collected from any other set of books in any age or language."

Dr. Joseph Parker, the great English preacher and author, made these suggestive comments: "It is the wonder of the Bible that you never get through it. You get through all other books, but you never get through the Bible. I have preached twenty-five volumes of sermons upon this Book, and now that I have written the very last word, what is my feeling?—I ought to have some feeling about it. Why this; that I have not

begun it yet. No other book could offer such infinite variety of material as is offered by the Bible."

Dr. Nott contended that "Men can not be well educated without the Bible. It ought, therefore, to hold the chief place in every institution of learning throughout Christendom."

Dr. Holland made this earnest plea: "Let us stick to our Bible. It is our all—the one regenerative, redemptive agency in the world—the only word that even sounds as if it came from the other side of the wave. If we lose it, we are lost."

John Quincy Adams read the Bible regularly. "For years I have read my Bible through once a year. I read it an hour every morning, as the very best way to begin the day. In whatever light we regard it—of morality, revelation, or history—it is a valuable mine of knowledge and virtue."

Thomas Jefferson declared, "I have said and always will say that the studious perusal of the sacred volume will make better citizens, better fathers, and better husbands."

Benjamin Franklin regarded the Bible as

an important source of safety to the Republic. "A Bible and a newspaper in every home, and a good school in every district, all studied and appreciated as they merit, are the principal supports of virtue, morality, and civil liberty."

Daniel Webster studied the Bible and recognized his indebtedness to it. "From the time I learned to lisp verses of Scripture at my father's knee they have been my daily study. If there is anything in my style or thought to be commended, the credit is due to my parents giving me an early love for the Bible."

One of the last things that Grover Cleveland wrote was an introduction to a Life of Christ, which he accompanied by a personal letter to the author, in which he said: "I very much hope that in sending out this book you will do something to invite more attention among the masses of our people to the study of the New Testament and Bible as a whole. It seems to me that in these days there is an unhappy falling off in our appreciation of the importance of this study. I do n't believe, as a people, that we can afford to allow our

interest in and veneration for the Bible to abate. I look upon it as the source from which those who study it in spirit and in truth will derive strength of character, a realization of the duty of citizenship, and a true apprehension of the power and wisdom and mercy of God."

Theodore Roosevelt says: "The immense moral influence of the Bible, though, of course, the most important, is not the only power it has for good. In addition there is the increasing influence it exerts on the side of good taste, of good literature, of proper sense of proportion, of simple and straightforward writing and thinking."

General Grant said: "To the influence of this Bible we are indebted for all the progress we have ever made, and to it we must look as our sure guide in the future."

Abraham Lincoln, that tallest white angel of a thousand years, was much devoted to the Bible. After receiving the oath of office from Chief-Justice Chase, Lincoln stoops and fondly kisses the Bible lying open before him. At the close of a sermon at Heron Lake, Minn., during which this incident was told,

an old soldier, Mr. Clark Wood, stepped forward and with evident emotion said to me: "I was there, and saw Lincoln lift the Bible to his lips and kiss it. I shall never forget it." On another occasion Lincoln had received a beautiful copy of the Bible from the colored people of Baltimore. In responding to the presentation speech, he said: "In regard to the Great Book I have only to say, that it is the best gift that God has given to man. All the good from the Savior of the world is communicated through this Book." About one year before Lincoln's death, when the crushing load of responsibility and of care was weighing so heavily upon him, and making such demands upon his resources and his time, he said to his intimate friend, Joshua Speed: "I am profitably engaged in reading the Bible. Take all of this Book upon reason that you can, and the balance on faith, and you will live and die a better man."

The Bible that has been a factor in the greatness of so many men, ought to challenge the attention of the manhood, and particularly of the youth of our day.

"How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy Word the choicest rule imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

"When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

"'T is like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night
A lamp to lead our way.

"Thy Word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That Holy Book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age."

In the intricate problems of to-day, under the stress and pressure of our modern life, we need to take time for communion with God through the Holy Book. I plead for the reverent and thorough study of the Word. It is our hope and our salvation. "Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think

ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of Me."

Through the reading, study, and practice of the Word of God, quickly there shall come the answer to our prayer, "Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven." "Strong men shall be led to crown our Christ, weary women fall at His feet, and little children fly to His arms." By the sword of the Spirit which is the Word of God, "social wrongs shall be righted, monstrous evils slain, and civic unrighteousness cease; domestic infelicities shall melt away, hearts be mended by the healing touch of love, and home become sweet, the nation's citadel of power, the Church's strong right arm." Through the Bible, with its message of light and peace, "ignorance shall fall back before the conquering march of truth, superstitions be laid to rest in the cemeteries of the forgotten dead, and humanity, no longer destroyed for lack of knowledge, be guided in the way of life eternal by the Spirit of all truth seated upon the throne of knowledge; the plague of war shall hide itself in the swamps of oblivion before the coming of the

Prince of Peace, the Kingdom of God no more, as sometimes in days of yore, ride forward upon a powder cart,

"The war-drum shall throb no longer, and the battle flags be furled

In the Parliament of Map, the Federation of the World."

Through the inspired Bible, God's eternal truth, it shall come to pass that "no people shall be called foreign, no interests be regarded alien nor conflicting, no national nor race barriers be able to stay the coming of Him, who having made of one blood all the nations of the earth, is enlarging the hearts of men to the concept of universal brotherhood; a heathen world and mission-fields shall be no more; desolate places, laid waste by the ravages of sin, shall blossom as the rose, and men separated oceans wide be joined in heart by love and loyalty to a common Savior." By means of Bible truth in the hearts and lives of men, "there shall be a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." "And they shall not teach every man his neighbor, and every man

his brother, saying, Know the Lord; for all shall know Him from the least to the greatest;" and "At the name of Jesus, every knee shall bow, of things in heaven and things in earth and things under the earth, and every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

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# Christ Jesus, The Truth Incarnate

"Jesus saith unto him, I am . . . the Truth."

John 14:6.

"Christ, . . . the wisdom of God."

1 Corinthians 1:24.

# CHRIST JESUS, THE TRUTH INCARNATE

The essence of truth is life, supreme and perfect. Reality lies in Personality. The universe, and all the life we see about us, centers in and proceeds from an Infinite Person. The Infinite Person and His truth can not be known to us in any considerable degree, except as they are mediated through persons. The Truth, in its completeness, necessitates the mediation of Perfect Personality.

Throughout all the ages God's plan for the revelation of Himself and the teaching of the race has been the personal method. When God wanted to give to the world the truths of statesmanship, He put them into the soul of an Alfred the Great, a Cromwell, a Gladstone, or an Abraham Lincoln. When He desired to reveal the truths of electricity, He not only zigzagged them on the sky with the flash of the lightnings, but He gave them

to us in life, in such persons as Franklin, Morse, Field, Edison, and Marconi. When God wished us to know the truths of science, He did not give us abstract statements, but scientific men, Copernicus, Galileo, Newton, Harvey, and the rest. Scientific truth is the transcript of life, and we receive it when it is so mediated to us through life that we are able to count the cost in toil, pain, and blood. The history of science is not primarily the record of discovery, but of long-suffering and victorious manhood, living its truth into acceptance through the struggles of the human soul. When God would give to humanity the truths of poetry, He did not do it by writing them on the sky with an angel's finger, but He incarnated them in the great souls of Shakespeare, Tennyson, Browning, and all those who

"Walk the hills where the muses haunt, Where the gods and men hold fellowship."

In God's revelation in the Bible, the truths each writer presents he floats to us on the tides of his own life. To know these truths in any large sense, we must take them into

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our lives. But when God wanted an incarnation and expression of truth that would embody the fullness of His wisdom and pity, and reach to the sublimest thoughts of His own heart, He gave us Christ Jesus, The Truth Incarnate. Truth is life, but only Life complete in all perfection could reach the utmost limits of truth.

To make great truth operative, influential, and vital to the life of the world, God not only incarnates it, but plants it over and over again from time to time, in some capacious mind and glowing heart willing to obey His voice. For example, take the truth of salvation by faith. Jesus had taught it, but as early as the times of the primitive Church it was necessary for Paul to become its great exponent. In Luther's day it had to be planted again by another great apostle of light, who through much tribulation had arrived at the knowledge of this vital, saving truth of the gospel. When again it seemed as though this truth was being lost sight of, God worked it out anew in the religious experience of John Wesley. Or take another important truth, the witness of the Spirit.

There have been times in subsequent history when one would think that Pentecost had never occurred. Bishop Foss once said there were probably not one hundred and fifty men in all England in Wesley's day who would dare say they knew their sins forgiven. And yet this was a truth that in earlier times had inspired men to live, and given them courage for heroic death. God has kept right on working out this truth in life; nor will He let die the certainty that fortifies against every attack of doubt and of evil. Truth incarnated in the prophets and sages of all the ages, as well as truth never before made known, finds perfect expression in Christ.

Life is ever the open door to the apprehension and interpretation of truth, but in the last analysis Christ is the interpretative Personality for all truth. We study nature, and find that nature is a witness, bearing testimony unto God. But we enter the mysteries of nature through the facts of life, and through life as a fact. Nature is meaningless apart from life that thinks and wills. It means nothing for us except through our own life, thought, and action. It is only intelli-

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gible to our thought when conceived as created and sustained by Infinite Life that thinks, wills, and acts. If the universe be regarded as the handiwork and a sphere of the present activity of God, we are then far from being clear of difficulties. Its vastness startles and oppresses us, while nature declines to make us quite clear on the fundamental doctrine of the Divine goodness. Science does not help. In fact it so adds to the scope of things as to increase our perplexity. Christ is supreme over nature, and He illuminates the natural world in which we live. "What we want is not a vision of the rim of things, but of the center of things, and that we get at the cross. We discover there that this universe is not a soulless mill, grinding us to powder, but the threshold of our Father's house. We learn there that creation and humanity are related to God in a vital way. Above all, and the center of all, is love. There is a glory of God of which the stars sing,—power, wisdom, beauty; but there is a glory of God of which the stars are silent, holiness, love, mercy; and that glory shines for us in the face of Jesus Christ." The

study of nature will yield much information, and help in the enlarging and correcting of our thoughts, but while the facts and indications of nature, rightly understood, are always true, they are not "The Truth" in the ultimate sense of a revelation adequate to human need. The universe can only be interpreted in terms of life, the life of man and the life of God; and each of these in turn find their interpretation in the personality of Christ, who revealed ourselves to ourselves, on both the earthward and Godward side, in respect to duty, salvation, and destiny, and who alone was able to say, "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father."

If we turn to history and study man in the moral court of the world, on almost every page is a question of which Christ alone is the sufficient answer. Back of the Republic of Plato, the Ethics of Aristotle, the moral discussions of the Stoics, and the great modern philosophies and histories are mighty civilizations throbbing with life. Every such book is a symbol of the struggle and splendid achievement of men, "a glass through which we can look into the seething soul of the

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race, an eminence from which we can behold the battle with evil extending over a thousand generations." But for the meaning of it all, we must lift our gaze from struggling, imperfect man to man victorious and ideal. We must determine, as we read the nature of God in the face of Jesus Christ, what is that "one divine far-off event toward which the whole creation moves." Christ gives light that maketh clear the meaning of life. The race pursues its weary way through homage to stock and stone, Moloch worship and polytheism, through soul-annihilating pantheisms, perplexity, self-immolation, and despair, but there is no light in the darkness until we behold the Sun of righteousness, in whom "dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily." Jesus, through His personality and mission, is the magic key that unlocks the mysteries of life. He is The Truth that is Life.

Christ illuminates that ideal world to which we aspire, which finds noble expression in Art, Music, and Literature. All of these rich products of the creative imagination abound in truth, but it is the truth of

life, reaching up through human imperfection after the ideal, determined not to cease until touching the garment hem of Him out of whom there goeth virtue. The truth of art is the truth of life, and its interpretation is personal, finding the touchstone for all its ideals of truth and beauty in Christ. The theory of music is a bald conclusion, and though philosophy can explain the song-bird, the truth does not take deep hold of us, until our life answers in the warbling note to the throb of Christ's life. Literature is the expression of life, and finds its truth in the Christian interpretation of life. Carlyle described Dante as "the voice of ten silent centuries." "Shakespeare lives his way into the life of the centuries, until humanity, past and present, lives in his soul; then, with the breath of immortality, he gives us the drama of life in action." But if the truth of all of these arts is to be found in life, it must be in life under the supremacy of the ideal, and here the ultimate standard is ever the truth as it is in Jesus.

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God's greatest revelation. But after all it is in itself only the atmosphere, the medium of sight. It transmits and reveals Him, whom to know is life eternal. It possesses unusual facilities and unique power for acquainting us with Christ. Christ and not the Bible is the Sun of righteousness, Christ and not the Bible is The Truth in its ultimate form and expression. Truth is life. The Bible is truth in that it is the transcript of life from the meagerness of frail, fallen humanity up to the richness and glory of Deity. But the life that is human finds its interpretation, and the life that is divine its manifestation, only in Him who was the incarnation of both the human and the Divine.

All revelations are summed up in Christ. The vast storehouses of truth, the immense mines of wealth into which we have delved in the perusal of nature, human history, art, music, literature, and the Bible, are tributes to Him whose glory is in all and over all. All religious truth, scattered everywhere, focuses here. Gather it up from every source, but let Christ illuminate it. Truth

everywhere owns its Lord, and pays its homage to Jesus. "He that cometh from above, is," in the realm of truth, "above all."

"Thou art the Truth:—Thy word alone True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

"Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life; Grant us that way to know, That truth to keep, that life to win, Whose joys eternal flow."

Though life is everywhere truth's most vital expression, Christ as The Truth is unique in His person. First, He is unique in His intellect. Men work and struggle over their philosophical systems, or soar with effort to the heights of poetic inspiration. The wisdom of most sages smells of the lamp. If they say fine things it is because you give them time to study in their closets. The wisdom of Jesus is unstudied. He says, apparently inpromptu, the best possible things in the best possible way. "Why eateth the Master with publicans and sinners?" Instantly the answer comes, "They that be

whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." What an apt, happy, spirited, convincing reply, and how full of meaning! He is always ready, always bright, always original, and yet always simple. He is never dull nor commonplace, and never taken by sur-He never argues, never doubts, prise. never speaks with hesitation. He knows, declares, and is The Truth. Phillips Brooks once said: "Knowledge is no word of Jesus at all. Solomon is always talking about knowledge. Jesus talks about truth." Paul described Jesus as "Christ, the wisdom of God." Genius will not explain the wisdom and quality of Christ's intellect. Genius He had of the rarest type, but we must go farther back to the high habit of His spiritual life which was ever in the unclouded region of truth. Then we must go still farther back to the fact that He is The Truth, and from Him truth proceeded with perfect naturalness.

Christ as The Truth is unique not only in His intellect, but in His whole nature. In Him is the infinite fullness of all that God is. He puts us into intelligent and loving

relation with all the vital facts of God's being, nature, and government. You ask for propositions, and statements of truth. I give you my life. You ask the way of salvation. I am the Way. You ask about the future. I am the life eternal. I give you Myself, and "where I am there ye shall be also." You aspire to see God. I am His image, seeing Me ye see the Father. You long to fathom His mystery, and the depths of the divine nature. His deepest mystery and His very self proclaim themselves in Me. Jesus Christ is "God manifest in the flesh, justified in the spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory." In Him is the complete manifestation and interpretation of man in all the potentialities of His nature. Though in Him there was no sin, yet His cross is the eternal symbol of the depth and reality of sin, not only in the world, but in the Christian consciousness. Not only has He sounded the depths of man's nature as a sinner, in His victory over the sin that He would not let defile Him, and in His tasting death for every man, but He has

incarnated all the potentialities of human nature when open and responsive on its Godward side. The splendor of His full manhood is forever the measure of a man.

"But Thee, but Thee, O Sovereign Seer of time, But Thee, O poet's Poet, wisdom's tongue, But Thee, O man's best Man, O love's best Love, O perfect life in pefect labor writ, O all men's Comrade, Servant, King or Priest, What if or yet, what mole, what flaw, what lapse, What least defect or shadow of defect, What rumors tattled by an enemy Of influence loose, what lack of grace, Even in torture's grasp, or sleep's or death's,—O, what amiss may I forgive in Thee, Jesus, good Paragon, Thou Crystal Christ?"

Sidney Lanier.

If Christ is The Truth, thus unique in intellect and nature, there are certain things that we may reasonably expect of Him. If these things are undisputed and indisputable facts, imbedded in the consciousness of enlightened people, they establish His claim to be The Truth.

If Christ is The Truth, we would expect Him to be a sufficient revelation of God. As the revelation of God, He embodies and ex-

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presses much elsewhere revealed, throws a flood of light upon all this, and goes infinitely beyond it, giving all a new setting in love, as the essential nature of God. God revealed as love, and related to us as Father, gives us the needful key for the interpretation of the universe, of all phenomena, and of all life. Love that puts eternal goodness at the heart of things is indispensable to any rational explanation of the mysteries of existence. Of all the qualities of the divine nature revealed in Christ, love is supreme. His whole life proclaims the fact that "God is love." His death seals it as forever true.

"O Love divine, what hast thou done!
The incarnate God hath died for me!
The Father's co-eternal Son
Bore all my sins upon the tree!
The Son of God for me hath died;
My Lord, my Love, is crucified."

If Christ is The Truth, having taken upon Himself our humanity, He surely ought to be the revealer of the highest type of human life. He is this by common consent. Even unbelief bows before His ideal manhood. An exhaustive statement of its ideal

elements is like trying to make a full statement about the richness of the sun. Nor is His ideal to be found in any source outside of Himself. It is neither Greek nor Roman nor Anglo-Saxon. He stands unique and alone, the Universal Man, and the incarnation of the absolute ideal. All that any man ought to be, all that he aspires to be, all that he can be, all that he ever will be, and more, Christ was and is.

If Christ is The Truth, He should at least be able to point the way whereby God and man, estranged through human sin, might again get together. Here, too, is the severest test, for the moral problem, the sin question is the greatest known to the race. Does He point the way? Yes; and more. He is The Way. He is the great Atonement for the sin of the world. He is the Redeemer of every type of human failure. The conceptions consequent upon the hypotheses of Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, and Spencer, give us a philosophy which says "the fit survive." True! by the working of the law the fit and only the fit survive. Jesus has demonstrated His power to make men fit to survive. He

is Life, dynamic and personal, touching with renewing power and sustaining with all-sufficent grace the soul awakened by His might from the death of sin. Wherever He is obeyed, He is the Restorer of lost order, both in the individual and in the social life. There was a time when Italy was in chains, under the domination of the Medici. Then there appeared in Florence a monk with the accent of Lombardy. He is a herald of righteousness, and as Savonarola urges upon them obedience to Christ, the people hear his voice. The power of the Medici is broken, and for once the voice of Christ directs, even in the civil courts. Out of chaos there comes order, and the oppressed emerge from their thraldom. So it has ever been when a Savonarola in some ancient Florence or a Charles Parkhurst in a modern New York leads the people to Jesus, who is The Truth in righteous living. As The Truth who is The Way whereby God and men get back together again, He not only atones for sin, making the sinner's pardon possible in a righteous moral court, but He so purifies, ennobles, fortifies

human nature that man can live perpetually in the continued and unbroken favor of God. Christ is The Truth of life that throbs in unison with the heart of God. He is to be had by "whosoever-will" at the price of total self-surrender to The Truth.

If Christ is The Truth, it is reasonable to expect Him to be a teacher capable of giving ultimate standards of truth. Christ in His life and words is the sure and final standard of truth in all spiritual teaching. All the standards that the Christian requires have been established in the incarnate life and teachings of Jesus Christ. He to whom the Divine Spirit-life was given without stint or measure, assumed the right to speak with unquestioned authority "the words of God." Our final appeal is to Christ. All other writings for which inspiration is claimed, and all living presumed to be of merit, is judged at last by His standard. Forward, and not back, to Christ is the watchword for this new century. He is authority, sure and unchanging. Not merely as a man, but as God, does He speak. "For I have not spoken

of Myself, but the Father which sent Me, He gave me a commandment what I should say and what I should speak."

"Hushed be the noise and the strife of the schools, Volume and pamphlet, sermon and speech, The lips of the wise and the prattle of fools.

Let the Son of Man teach!

Who has the key of the future but He?

Who can unravel the knots in the skein?

We have groaned and have travailed and sought to be free;

We have travailed in vain.

Bewildered, dejected and prone to despair,

To Him as at first do we turn and beseech;

Our ears are all open! Give heed to our prayers!

O, Son of Man, teach!"

From One who is The Truth we would expect to receive, not only wise teaching bearing the tests of ultimate standards of truth, but an unequaled spiritual output of the heart-life. Again, Christ meets every requirement. "From the sun, the lord of the summer, grain, fruit, and flower gain their richness. From the sun the sheaf borrows its golden luster, the cluster its purple hue, the apple its blushing beauty. The modest arbutus and the low-lying snowdrop trace

their delicate loveliness to the morning light, while the ruby and the sapphire receive from the same source their solid brilliancy." In the world of life Christ is the Sun and the Light. Everywhere and always "Christ's mighty, majestic heart, glowing and all glorious, is sowing the world with life, light, and joy."

In One who is The Truth there ought to be heights and depths as yet unexplored and forever inexhaustible. Who can mount to the summit of Christ's holiness and glory, or put mete and bound to the magnitude of either His mind or heart? Walking about the foot of a mountain, we enjoy and admire, but the majesty and the magnitude of it is beyond our comprehension or even our guess. So we walk about this Man, whose shoulders are under the earth but whose head and heart lift us beyond the clouds; we feel His inspiration; we respond to the touch of His love and power; we behold in His face the glory of God and are transformed into His likeness; but with our little minds we can not grasp His big thoughts, save only fragments here and there; nor can we drop the plummet of

human love far enough to sound the depths of the heart that broke and bled for us. There is a legend which tells us that when the giants warred against the gods, they took the Mounts Pelius, Ossa, and Olympus, and piled them one upon another trying thereby to scale the heavens; but they could not reach. Take, if you will, the best things ever thought, said, or done by Isaiah the prophetic giant, Paul the apostolic giant, Raphael and Angelo the artistic giants, the saints of all ages the giants of divine grace, cherubim, seraphim, and archangel, the celestial giants; pile them one above another until they reach unto the heavens, but Christ is higher yet in His unexplored greatness. There are whole ranges of His divine manhood that have not quite dawned upon our vision. His nature is a universe that we are all the time exploring, only to find it inexhaustible. Just as in science each new addition to the telescope brings new worlds into sight, so with each enlargement of the soul there is a widening vision, but the vision, however grand its scope, always has more worlds beyond in Jesus Christ. The school-

boy walking home in the dark needs only a handful of stars. The scientist grown old in reflection and study needs a larger world. "Christ is a world that grows with our growing life." Now we see through a glass darkly; by and by we shall no longer know in part that radiant One whom at length we shall see face to face.

If Christ is The Truth in the brief span of years that we call time, it is at least presumable that He is The Truth eternally. He ought then to carry us to the fulfillment of the soul's immortal hope, and give us authentic knowledge about heaven. Though rich and precious His utterances, what He has said upon the subject seems to some to be scarce enough. In our blindness we cling to the grossly material and forget the spiritual interpretation of life, that takes us to the very center of reality, for this and all worlds. Christ is Himself the revelation of heaven. Its essential nature is not to be found in crowns, thrones and robes, golden streets and walls of jasper; but in rest, serenity, love, and the ministry of service. Christ is incarnate Truth, incarnate God, incarnate

heaven. Heaven's peace, majesty, and blessing came to our world and traveled our earth with Him. What is heaven? Look at Him! He is all that one can desire—holiness, infinite quiet, repose, satisfaction of mind and heart, development, service, victory, and the supremacy of immeasurable love. The presence and perfection of these things is heaven, always and everywhere. What Jesus is, is heaven. Where Jesus is, 't is heaven there. "Heaven opens before me . . . Christ is calling. Don't call me back," were the dying words of Moody. Frances Willard, to whom Jesus was all and in all, seemed, ere her sweet life took its eternal flight, to see the Savior face to face, and exclaimed with utmost content, "How beautiful it is to be with God!" Christ has brought life and immortality to light, and in His own dear self He places all heaven before our eyes. Well has Macaulay said: "Christianity has not only changed the face of Europe and won a thousand triumphs, but its crowning glory is that it has wiped the tears from eyes that had failed with wakefulness and sorrow, lent celestial visions to those dwelling under

thatched roofs, and shed victorious tranquillity upon those who have seen the shades of death closing around them." Christ is heaven, and to Him death is only a new horizon on which His sun breaks through all clouds and shines forth in untroubled splendor. If Jesus is supreme in our lives we have heaven here and now, if as we pass through the valley of the shadow of death He shelters us in the tender care of His own great heart we take heaven with us, and to be with Him forever and forever will still continue to be heaven. The eternal heaven will be the same as our present heaven in its essential qualities, for Christ is "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever," but in the new conditions of spiritual existence we will enter with joy into the fullness of Christ, and thus into the larger meaning and bliss of heaven.

Finally, if Christ is The Truth we would expect Him to win, and it is our right to look for evidence of victory. Truth, though crushed to earth, will rise again. Truth will not only survive, but will be "o'er all victorious." From Calvary Christ has vaulted

to the summit of the universe. To-day Christ is Ruler over the most remarkable empire that has ever existed. Napoleon said to one of his officers, "Can you tell me who Jesus Christ was?" When the officer answered "No," Napoleon said, "Well, then I will tell you." Then he proceeded to compare himself and the heroes of antiquity with Christ, showing Christ's superiority. "I think," he said, "I understand somewhat of human nature, and I tell you all these were men, and I am a man; but not one is like Him; Jesus Christ was more than a man. Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and myself founded great empires, but upon what did the creation of our genius depend? Upon force. Jesus alone founded His empire upon love, and to this very day millions would die for Him." Even so. The principle of love and loyalty to the King is enthroned in the hearts and rules in the lives of Christ's men. Christ is a personal dynamic in human nature, giving impulse and power to a heroism of service, surpassing the heroism of statesman and warrior. What means that beautiful young life, so full of promise, buried in

yonder far-away mission field or in the foulness of the city slum? What means the self-denial that prompts the rich young woman to give herself for others? What means the career of the young man who turns aside from rosy business prospects and wealth, to the ministry, offering at most a bare living? It is love and loyalty to the King.

Dr. Newhouse, in his dying words, left us both question and answer: "Who then is worthy to march at the head of all time? The Lord Jesus Christ; He is worthy." The marvel of the ages is the waxing fame of Jesus, the incarnate Truth. "The time is rapidly approaching when society will have but one Hero and King, at whose feet humanity will empty all its songs and flowers, its prayers and tears. In the triumphal procession of the Roman conqueror, kings and princes walked as captives in the emperor's train. So have great men and the multitudes of the common folk joined Christ's triumphal procession." Listen to Carlyle: "The tidings of the most important event ever transacted in this world is the life and death of the Divine Man in Judea, at once

the symptom and cause of innumerable changes to all people in the world." John Ruskin, occupying a foremost place among the English prose writers of the last two centuries, says his life has been dedicated to "an interpretation of the truth and beauty of Jesus Christ." Matthew Arnold declares: "Christ came to reveal what righteousness really is. For nothing will do except righteousness, and no conception of righteousness will do except Christ's conception of it." Martineau, the most successful defender of theism in his century, makes this significant utterance: "The world has changed, and that change is historically traceable to Christ. He is the Regenerator of the human race." Gladstone, "in his old age a figure sublime upon our earth," dedicates his closing years to a study of the teachings of Christ, whom he calls "The constant Guide, the everlasting Priest and King." "His laurel leaves won in the forum of statesman, leader, and orator would soon fade, and he desired to weave a wreath for Him whose name is secure and shines like a star." Shakespeare, Tennyson, Browning, Lowell, Long-

fellow, Whittier, and all the long list of immortal poets pay the homage of their genius unto Him.

"Thou seemest human and divine;
The highest, holiest manhood Thou;
Our wills are ours, we know not how,
Our wills are ours to make them Thine."

We hear Rousseau saying, "Yes, if the death of Socrates be that of a sage, the life and death of Jesus are those of a God." We listen to Jean Paul Richter, who speaks of "the holiest among the our Christ as mighty, and the mightiest among the holy, who lifted with His pierced hands empires off their hinges, turned the stream of the centuries out of its channel, and still governs the ages." So Christ has gone on from victory to victory, until the few score disciples of apostolic days have become a vast multitude, numbering, God only knows, perhaps half a billion souls. We see now the certain truth which only a prophet could see of yore, "He shall see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied."

Come with me, and let us tarry here before 303

Him, for His presence is the perfect truth that is fullness of life. But, O God, it is light here! O Thou Majestic Christ, Thou art truth's essence! We glean the truth planted in the life of all the ages, and with our little candle light we stand before Thee; but Lord of truth, it is so light here! We glory in nature, human history, art, music, literature, the Bible, but we turn unfilled to Thee, the Living Bread, the Incarnate Truth. In Thy light we see light that illuminates all these. O Christ, The Truth, Thou art the Key to them all! We pause to look into Thy face, and it is very light here! We have tried, our Father, to think Thy thoughts after Thee, and to penetrate the secrets of Thy mysterious nature. The quest was too high, we could not attain unto it. We have tried to know man and truth and immortality, but they were too deep, and we have groped helplessly in the dark. O Christ, Thou Incarnate God, our dreams' best Man; Thou, the way back to the Father; Teacher of ultimates in thought and life; Thou from whose heart there cometh every good thing; whose riches we never exhaust; Thou who

art Heaven, King and Master of human hearts, take up Thine abode with us, for it is so very light here in Thy presence! Christ, the Living Truth, "We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee, we glorify Thee, we give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory," Thy truth, Thyself!

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